THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Publishers.
NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1847. | WHOLE NO. 1330.

Original Poem.

THE LADY ARABELLA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[The Lady Arabella Johnson, a daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, left England on account of her religion and accompanied the Puritans to New England, in the embarkation under Winthrop. She died soon after her arrival and was buried near the shore.]

The lights are flashing bright and clear,
Within my father's halls,
And rich and gorgeous tapestry,
Adorn their ancient walls.

The blazing fire laughs at the wind
That whistles o'er the moor,
And lends new lustre to the shadow,
Whose fringes reach the floor.

The costliest carpets that are wove,
In far-off Turkish looms,
Muffle the tread of joyous feet,
Within those stately rooms.

The softest notes are breathing there,
Of sweet-toned harp or lute,
Accompanied by the thrilling sound
Of the rich, mellow flute.

The damask curtains close are drawn,
Around my sister's bed,
Lest the chill breath of northern blasts,
Might fall upon her head.

But all those luxuries cannot save
The heart from torturing grief,
And when wan sickness shall assail,
They cannot bring relief.

The winds are whistling shrill and loud,
Around our cabin door,
The snow drives through the open logs,
And drifts upon the floor.

The howling storm, the Indian's yell,
The wild beasts frightful roar,
Are mingled with the voice of waves
That lash their rocky shore.

My feeble body racked with pain,
Rests on my hard straw bed,
O'er which no curtains have been hung,
Or downy cover spread.

But 'mid my pain my soul's at ease,
For when my toils are done,
I know I have a lasting rest
In that bright heavenly home,

That's richer far than princely halls
Or aught that earth contains,
Where pain and sorrow are unknown,
And love eternal reigns.

MARIE.

Original Sketch.

KING TOM'S VISIT TO THE U. S. Ship M——, off Monrovia.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY A YOUNG SAILOR.

So King Tom visits us to-day? Speculation was rife amongst all classes of the ship's company, from the staid and weather-beaten fore castle man, to the chubby faced and light-hearted apprentice boy, whilst engaged in the multifarious duties always attendant upon the expected visit of a foreign dignitary on board a man of-war, as to what manner of man this limb of African royalty might be.

The decks were cleared up, the yards squared by the lifts and braces, each piece of running gear was snugly stopped to the particular shroud or backstay down which it led, and ere the moment for inspection arrived, our good ship presented to the eye a faultless model of naval symmetry.

By the time the spacious awnings which extended fore and aft the entire length of the vessel's decks were spread, a simultaneous shout of "the King, the King!" issued from the hundreds who, as opportunity offered, from their arrival upon the spar deck at early morning, had been casting furtive glances shoreward, accompanied by an astounding report from the adamantine lips of one of our ponderous thirty-two's, causing cooks, stewards, "loblolly-boys," waiters, and all the etceteras pertaining to a ship of war's gun and berth-decks, to fly quickly up from below, to obtain, if possible, a glimpse of his sable majesty; whilst the stout craft, from their combined effects, shook from her kelson to the mast-heads.

The reverberations occasioned by the discharge had ceased among the distant hills, and the smoke that for the moment enveloped our ship had rolled away in thin curls to leeward, when a spacious canoe with streamers flying, and attended by almost deafning sounds of wild music, vocal as well as instrumental, launched out from shore, and propelled by a dozen or more dexterous paddlers, came dashing on through the foaming surf, and o'er the bosom of the smooth green waters, in the direction of the ship. That part comprising the quarter and stern sheets, was occupied by the king and suite, whilst upon the rudely constructed bows stood a giant negro supporting their deity.

A breathless stillness reigned throughout the ship during the advance of the royal party, and as the canoe rounded to alongside, three long, loud and hearty cheers from our jolly fellows proclaimed their welcome. Their deity, a rude piece of wooden sculpture some three feet in length, with a head flat as their notions respecting him, and capped with a profusion of finely picked oakum coated with black paint falling *a la soap-locks* down the sides of his dingy cheeks, leaving visible but the flat nose, the nostrils of which extended from ear to ear, the capacious mouth, with rolling lips of vermilion dye, and the protruding circular eye, purely white, and a body, dressed in as fantastic a manner as the invention of the sailor who fashioned it, extended,—being handed in through one of the ports, and stowed *sans ceremonie* into the muzzle of a Paixhan sixty eight by one of our mischievous quarter gunners, unobserved by the visitors, the king and suite ascended to the gang-way, where stood the officers attired in their holiday uniforms to receive them, according to their respective ranks. "Lum, lum," (rum, rum) accompanied by a slight inclination of the head, were the first words that passed the lips of the dread potentate as he placed two enormous broad, flat feet entirely naked, upon our decks, holding out at the same time with an air of admirable nonchalance, an apparently weather beaten brown jug, the size of a gallon at least, which no doubt he intended the captain should fill as a reward for his condescending and amicable visit. The dress of this singular individual consisted of a naval surgeon's well worn frock coat—slight patches only of the original embroidery now remaining—upon the shoulders of which rested two epaulets, one only of which was gold, the other being of common yellow fringe; the sleeves bore the insignia of naval petty officers, whilst the collar, that he might represent the several grades on board a man-of-war, presented the handiwork of the seamen in three equidistant rows of narrow white tape neatly stitched upon it, with the customary star worked in each corner. *Tapa* of variegated colors, interspersed with figures of lions, tigers, elephants, and many other wild beasts with which the natives are conversant, covered his loins, falling in graceful folds towards the knee, whilst below, and extending to the ankles, the legs were encircled by numerous rings of ivory, to which were suspended bits of metal of various kinds that kept up a constant jingling at every motion of his royal body. The persons comprising his suite differed materially with him in point of dress, the *tapa* being their only covering. The consternation so strongly depicted upon the countenances of the king's attendants when gaining the deck, at missing their deity, passed unnoticed by that worthy, he having an eye single to the return of his jug; it having been forwarded to the spirit room to be filled with the precious nectar—receiving which, he proceeded arm in arm with our noble captain to, and entered the precincts of the cabin, where his royal highness was soon engaged in discussing the merits of certain of its contents.

Actuated by fear of the king's wrath, and a desire if possible to regain possession of the immaculate being upon whom all their hopes of future bliss depended, every nook and corner in the ship of sufficient dimensions to receive him was carefully examined by the one in whose care the idol had been placed, assisted by his fellow Kroumen, but without success. Lamentations now rent the air; rings were formed, and their devil dances commenced, in the vain hope of receiving the required information from that personage respecting the lost one. At this important crisis Captain P—— made his appearance, and being fully acquainted with the cause of their very natural proceedings, and decidedly in the merry mood, orders were issued by him to the boatswain for piping *"all hands to mischief,"* hoping thereby to divert their attention for a time from the dilemma in which they were placed. "All hands to mischief," thundered forth our worthy boatswain. "All hands to mischief," reiterated his mates, and as the first swelling and protracted note of the shrill pipe reverberated along the different decks, our ship's company appeared imbued with new life. The busy hum of voices was soon apparent, and ere long broke forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation. Seamen, who having satisfied their curiosity had stretched themselves out upon the booms, or between the guns, to enjoy a refreshing nap, sprang willingly to their feet, and young idlers, in the enjoyment of their favorite game of *poles*, quickly dropped their pieces and hurried to the scene of action. Lethargy had indeed winged its flight, and active bustle became the order of the day. The nimble topmen bounded into the rigging, and were soon ascending the shaking shrouds; the graver portion of the seamen of the forecastle, important quarter gunners and quarter masters, the less instructed waisters, and the raw, alarmed after-guard, hurried to their several points of concentration, whilst the loblolly boy, having just left the medicinal preparations in which he had been engaged, was edging his way through the moving mass, in search of some spot where he might view the sport unmolested. Tops and yards soon rang with the joyous laugh and pleasant repartee of the younger, smarter, and more seaman-like portion of the ship's company, while busily engaged with some new device, or manœuvre, to practice upon their less ingenious shipmates, whilst the forecastle men, long familiarized to old ocean, and the mischievous pranks of its followers, maintained a species of stoical indifference admirably suited to their natures. Unity and good feeling, however, prevailed, with one exception. Our naval watchmen, (marines) between whom and Jack an antipathy almost instinctive exists, were upon this occasion divested of their arms, and compelled, though reluctantly, to remain on deck, making it optional with them to take part in the day's sports or not. The officers having retired to the poop, so that no inconvenience might attend the pastime, resigned the remaining portion of the deck to our especial use, and mischief quickly commenced. Sundry buckets attached to whips rigged at the ends of the yards, were lowered into the water, filled, and run up again, there to remain until a fitting opportunity offered for causing the head of any unlucky wight thoughtless enough to approach that particular part of the ship, to feel the effects of their contents; and many were the rigid marines who on that day made a more familiar acquaintance with the element o'er which they floated, than suited either their convenience or their humor. Others were employed in chasing their shipmates from mast to mast, up and down the slanting stays, and along the various pieces of delicate cordage running transversely to their respective points aloft, with pieces of light rope; the less agile ofttimes being compelled to spring from their lofty positions overboard, to avoid the oft repeated blows of their pursuers, where, if followed, the good natured contest in most instances becomes more equal. Many other modes were resorted to, to fill up the measure of the day's sport, in all of which care was taken not to molest our visitors, who remained during the performance in a state of apparent sullenness. King Tom in the meantime having finished his jug, had staggered on deck, and placing himself against the railings of the cabin gangway for support, ignorant of the gloomy forebodings of his attendants, gave evident indications of his enjoying the tumultuous merriment, in frequent peals of immoderate laughter. The moment at length arrived for unravelling, in a scarcely justifiable manner, the mystery respecting the sudden disappearance of their deity. Upon a given signal from our jocose captain, the match was applied, the Paixhan flashed, an astounding report followed, and the poor king's pride, the object before which he and his subjects had so often bowed the knee in humble supplication, went flying through the air with frightful velocity. Our visiters gazed in mute astonishment at this desecration of their spiritual father during his almost magnetic speed shoreward, but upon his revered head coming in contact with a noble palm tree, that had chosen its solitary location near the white sandy beach, rebounding several feet with a portentous crash, a simultaneous yell of horror escaped their lips, and the next instant numerous plunges into the water, in quick succession, announced the unceremonious departure of King Tom and his suite.

Selected Tale.

FROM THE EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

CARY WHARTON.
A Backwood Sketch.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

[This sketch is said to be founded on facts which occurred about four years since at Matagorda, in Texas.]

Cary, or, more properly, Caroline Wharton, was the beauty of Matagorda, which, considering that there were, out of some four hundred inhabitants, little more than ten per cent. women, is paying her but a limited compliment; but, both relatively and in reality, she was beautiful, with all the grace and winning ways of a young and accomplished American girl, who did not set up to rival Parisian ladies in her costume, nor despise everything which was not imported from Europe. Cary Wharton was therefore, charming, and an heiress, besides, to the magnificent estates of the major, her father, who owned half the township. With all these varied advantages, it is therefore not wonderful that at one time most of the unmarried men in the place were candidates for the favor of her hand, and that she owned as many subjects as there were susceptible hearts within fifty miles, which in Texas is no very considerable round. So vast a body of suitors argues always one of two things: great insensibility on the part of the lady, or much of coquetry. To this serious fault, we may say in many instances crime, Cary Wharton would have pleaded "not guilty," but the unanimous verdict of maid, man or matron jury would have been "guilty."

Yes; with all her great and manifold graces, the heiress of Burensville—so was her father's estate called—united the opposite quality of allowing any number of men to dangle at her side, giving preference to none, and seeming encouragement to all. The southerners are proverbially gay, and fond of balls, parties, pic nics, &c.; nor were the Matagordians at all slow in keeping up the national character. It was on these occasions that Cary's numerous followers were made publicly manifest, and that she seemed to shine in all her glory; though we should be only using a word some few shades too strong if we said in all her shame! The affection which leads ultimately to union through life with one of another sex, which places woman in the prospective light of wife and mother, is a sacred thing; and making it one of the amusements of the passing hour, is deserving of severer condemnation than we are inclined at present to venture on. With Cary the result was natural, and in accordance with all rule. After two years' residence in Matagorda, she found herself reduced to two admirers—the rest having wearied of the pursuit, some from fear of disappointment, others from utter hopelessness. Paul Dalton and Edward Knox were the two rivals who contended for her hand; the former an officer in the republican navy, the latter a young lawyer with very excellent prospects. Two more opposite characters are rarely placed in juxtaposition. Dalton, quick, ardent, and impetuous, full of courage, and even daring, fond of doing things which nobody else ever thought of attempting, presented the most perfect contrast to the quiet, unassuming, but clever and devoted lawyer, whose anxiety to succeed in his profession was only equalled by his desire to share his success with Cary. Both had sought the lady's favor for some time; Paul by loud and merry talk of himself and his deeds, by endeavoring on all occasions to prove himself a brave, gallant, and smart fellow; Edward, in a more quiet manner, by gentle and unobtrusive attentions, by sending books and papers for the heiress to read, and, in short, by all those nameless nothings which constitute a lover's art.

Which had succeeded in gaining Cary's favor, or if, indeed, either of them was to consider himself more fortunate than the other, was still doubtful, and indeed might have long remained so, but for the course of events which took various turns on a certain Fourth of July of glorious memory. This anniversary, sacred to every American, was at Matagorda to be celebrated by a review in the day, and a ball at night, according to the received usage. Cary, of course was to be a prominent character, and accordingly, at an early hour, crossed from the opposite side of the bay where her father dwelt, and entering a rude vehicle, drawn by two as rude ponies of the prairies, proceeded to view the military display. By her side was Paul Dalton, mounted on a showy horse, while Edward Knox took up a position at the head of a volunteer company which he commanded. Now this was an occasion which rarely occurred, as the rivals were generally in presence together, and Paul was as much elated as Edward was vexed. Indeed, but that Cary Wharton gave him no encouragement to dismount and seat himself beside her, there is no doubt the gallant son of Neptune would have ventured a declaration on the strength of the opportunity; but in vain he looked beseechingly at the seat, complained of the badness of his saddle, of the restiveness of his nag: Cary heard him unmoved. Edward, meanwhile, several times excited the ire of Major Wharton, the commander, by his unusual blunders—he on all other occasions the pink of volunteer officers; while the Stooping Hawk, a young Indian chief, much attached to the young lawyer, could not forbear schooling him upon the point.

At length the review was over, and Edward, released from his irksome duties, entered into a brief conversation with the Stooping Hawk, to whom he freely explained the cause of his mistakes. The Indian smiled, half in pity, half in contempt; and bidding him dangle no longer after a pale-faced girl, but speak his mind at once, said, in parting, "Talk to the gray-beard; ask him for the young lily; he has a tongue, and knows what he wants. The rose of the whites is very beautiful, but she has two faces."

"Hawk!" replied Edward, somewhat sharply, "I cannot hear you talk thus; Cary is a sacred subject with me."

"Good!" exclaimed the chief, coldly; "white man hot; but if White Rose not two faces, why have two lovers? Two-face girl make bad squaw."

Edward Knox turned away, being too sensible of the truth of what the young chief said to dispute the matter with him. But a few minutes brought him to the presence of Cary Wharton, in the contemplation of whose speaking eyes and lovely features, in listening to whose jocund laugh and quiet sensible remarks on the events of the day, he quite forgot for a while that she could, as the Indian said, have "two faces." Edward knew well that a girl is not to blame because many wooers come; but the fault was, she encouraged two, which was deceiving both. The party at dinner, which took place at the Lone Star Hotel, the vast barn of which had been fitted up as a ball-room, consisted of Major and Cary Wharton, with the two rivals. The conversation was general and varied, though both lovers were intently thinking on one important question—who was first to dance with Cary. Neither liked to ask so soon, and yet both feared the propitious moment might slip by. At length, when a pause in the dialogue left an opening, Paul Dalton, following his usual somewhat reckless method, said, "I say, Knox, a picayune for your thoughts. You are thinking of asking Miss Wharton's hand; so am I. Well, I'll toss with you for the first dance."

"Sir!" said Cary, evidently much outraged, while Major Wharton, who was rather thick-headed, allowed the idea to enter his head that he ought to kick the offender out of the room. Before, however, it had effected a lodgment, his daughter had quietly settled the matter. "Sir," said she, "I think I have had quite enough of you all day, and I mean, therefore, myself to ask Mr. Knox to open the ball with me."

Paul bit his lip, and looked offended, while a rich smile of pleasure illumined the face of Edward. "Go thy ways for a canting, sneaking lawyer," muttered Paul in his wrath, as Edward escorted Miss Cary to the door; "you may dance if you will, but Paul Dalton shall win the bride, and that ere a week be over." And complacently looking back to Cary's kind manner all day, he made up his mind to have a decision that evening.

The ball was opened by Cary and Edward, who, emboldened by the preference which his fair partner had shown at the dinner-table, ventured to speak much plainer than he had ever done before his hopes, his wishes, his feelings. He was met, as usual, by playful disbelief in his protestations, by declarations of being perfectly heart-whole, and even by the faintest implied suggestion that how could he, considering another—and here Cary blushed and did not conclude the sentence. For Edward, this was enough. He was manly straightforwardness and truth himself, and he fully understood that Miss Wharton was engaged, and at once determined to cease all further pursuit where his case was hopeless. The Stooping Hawk, who stood near the door gazing curiously at the scene, saw the deep dejection with which he quitted her side, and remarked it to him. Drawing his Indian friend away from the festivities, Edward explained all, and added that with Cary Wharton he had done for ever. The Indian, between a grunt and a laugh, hoped it was so; and they parted, Edward Knox to seek his quiet home, the chief to return to his village, which was situated about two miles from Matagorda.

Paul Dalton was now in his glory. Certain encouraging words on the part of Cary in the morning reverted strongly to his memory, while the precipitate retreat of his rival tended further to encourage him. He could not but feel that Edward had been dismissed; and if so, what stood between him and happiness? Accordingly, he danced with his fair partner with high glee, spoke to the major, and received his free permission to propose; and in order to facilitate the operation, was allowed the inestimable felicity of seeing Miss Wharton home when the ball was over. As the major was heartily tired, this was no great favor after all. In no country are women rated so high as in America, and accordingly in no country are they left so much to protect themselves. There was nothing whatever out of the way in a young man like Dalton seeing a young lady home, even though it was past midnight, and accordingly no remark was made when they left the ball-room, and—certainly to Cary's surprise—prepared to perform the journey in Dalton's canoe.

It was a beautiful night. Not a ripple moved the surface of the bay, which shone in translucent splendor beneath the light of the waning moon. Miss Wharton felt the influence of the hour, and was silent; perhaps she knew from Paul's manner that her fate was nearer being decided than she before expected; perhaps she thought with regret of Edward Knox. They entered the graceful boat, and Dalton bent to the oars with zest, until they reached the very centre of the bay; he then paused, and allowed the boat to drift slowly out to sea. Cary trembled; her little heart went pit-a-pat; for she could no more, in that mighty temple of God, with myriad starry eyes shining down upon her, have equivocated as she had done in the ball-room, amid the factitious glare of oil-lamps, than she could have changed her whole nature.

She was not mistaken. Paul Dalton had chosen this singular time and place for his declaration, and he made it in terms of warm and ardent devotion. He was firmly and calmly rejected, in tones which left him not a doubt of the speaker's sincerity. For some minutes he was silent, then he spoke—and let every trifler with a man's heart remember his words. "Miss Wharton, a man is ever hopeful. When he is not discouraged openly and straightforwardly by a woman, he will always have hope. He always should have hope, if he thinks well of her sex. No woman can say with truth that a lover's declarations came on her unexpectedly. It never did. No woman ever received the offer of a man's hand, with hope on his part, who had not encouraged him. Miss Wharton, for more than a year you have kept me in a fond, a delusive dream. I have lived but in the hope of your love, and now you *must* marry me." Astonished, confounded at this change in her lover's tone, Cary answered pettishly that she was not to be schooled. Dalton, who was lividly pale, replied, "In life or in death we shall be united;" and he quietly drew forth the plug from the bottom of the boat, which served to drain it when on shore, and the canoe began to fill with water. "You have ten minutes to decide. Swear solemnly to be mine, and I will return the plug; refuse, and the boat will fill with water, and both be drowned." Now it was that Cary felt her folly. That she had for more than a year, without ever intending to accept him, led Dalton into hope, she knew well. She had therefore but to trust to his mercy; she could not deny his accusation. She had, however, no time for speech; for at that instant a huge Indian canoe, filled with warriors, shot alongside, and, ere either could resist, made them prisoners.

Both were petrified with astonishment, and Dalton with rage; for his mad hope of depriving others of any chance of wedding her who had refused him was thus frustrated; and it is believed by all who knew him that he fully intended to have carried his threat into execution. The Indians spoke not, but impelling their boat with energy, soon reached the shore, some miles above the residence of Major Wharton, who, ignorant of the events occurring, was sleeping off the fatigues of the day. The spot chosen for landing was a thick wood, where a huge deserted shanty served as an extempore camp. In this, in separate rooms, Cary and Paul were confined until morning. Neither slept. Miss Wharton revolving in her mind her wonderful escape from death, and the singularity of her capture by the Indians, while Dalton brooded moodily over the probable triumph of his rival, whose friend, the Stooping Hawk, he felt quite sure had prevented the completion of his dreadful purpose. Paul Dalton was, therefore, utterly miserable; his evil passions, awakened by the folly of Cary, having now full sway. If she at once, in the early stage of their acquaintance, had let him see his attentions were vain, so foul a thought as that of suicide or murder would never have crossed his mind.

Morning dawned, and with its earliest summons Cary and Paul were led forth into the presence of the Stooping Hawk, his band of painted warriors, and a Minister of the Gospel, who stood a puzzled and perplexed spectator. Paul looked around him in surprise, while Cary, who, as she thought, saw through it all, stood indignant and disgusted.

"Father," said the Indian chief, mildly, "these two pale-faces wish to be married. You are a medicine-man of the whites; unite them."

"I protest against the whole proceeding. Cannot it be done in a regular way? Am I to be dragged out of my bed—"

Several of the Indians laid their hands on their shining knives, and the priest was silent.

"It is useless," cried Cary; "I will never consent—never. Paul Dalton this is unworthy of you."

"I declare, Miss Wharton, that I am as ignorant as you of what this means."

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian, firmly; "talk no good. Father, begin. White girl no speak truth. She love Paul Dalton. Indian hear her say so."

"Can this—is this true?" cried Paul.

"I say again," said Cary proudly, "that no power on earth shall compel me to marry Paul Dalton."

"Why?" inquired the Indian.

As Cary replied not, he continued, "Red man master here, and he say white couple shall be married. White Lily choose. Marry Paul Dalton, or go the wigwam of the Indian chief. White Lily make good squaw."

"I am in your power, Indian," said Cary; "do as you will."

"White Lily speak truth—would she refuse to marry Edward Knox?"

Miss Wharton started, her eyes flashed indignantly, and advancing towards the Indian, she cried, "I see it all. Mr. Edward Knox has employed you to wring from me some declaration in his favor. Tell him he has taken wrong means—"

"Edward Knox all truth—he speak for himself—he know nothing of what Indian do. All Indian plan."

The tone of the chief admitted of no doubt, and Cary Wharton saw at once the true object of the red-skin. Drawing him aside, she said, "Stooping Hawk will believe the White Lily. She has learned much in one night. She sees his object clearly. The Indian is Edward's friend, but he will be the White Lily's also. Promise never to breathe one word of what has passed to-night to living soul, to take Cary home to her father, and if Edward Knox ever asks the hand of Cary Wharton, she will not say no;" and Cary, blushing, bowed her little head; then continued, "but, Indian, he must not know this. Cary must at least have the pleasure of telling him herself."

The delighted chief, who loved Edward as a brother, promised everything she asked, and even to secure the silence of others; and then giving her a skiff and two red-skin boatmen, despatched her at once to her father's house, which she reached long before any one was up.

Paul and the minister having been solemnly cautioned by Stooping Hawk to keep silence, were then liberated, and the chief, delighted with his errand hastened towards the abode of Edward Knox. He was up, and at breakfast, pale and downcast, but calm, as he brought to his mind many sources of consolation. He loved Cary Wharton sincerely, but not selfishly. His was a manly, generous love, which sought the happiness of its object more than its own. He remembered, too, that he had a widowed mother and orphan sisters, who were far away, and who would be delighted at his return; who would welcome him with joy, and make a jubilee at his native place in Massachusetts, at his taking possession of his father's home and business-connexion, which he had left, deluded by the *ignus-fatuus* of Texas. He resolved, therefore, to depart, and at once. At this period of his cogitations the Indian entered. The greeting was cordial, and then Edward explained his plans. The Indian grunted, but made no opposition. He then said, "Go—say good-by to White Lily."

"No," faltered Edward, "I would rather not."

"White man mad. Indian say go. Perhaps White Lily change her mind."

There was something like a tone of confidence in the Indian's manner, which made Edward's heart leap. He looked inquiringly at him, but his face was stolidity itself. Upon the hint, however, he acted, and to his great surprise the Stooping Hawk accompanied him on his visit.

It was afternoon ere they reached the picturesque mansion of Burensville, and as they wound their way down a hillock in front of its door, Edward saw Cary walking alone in a grove beside the house, which could be reached from that side. In a few minutes he was by her side. Cary had seen them approach, and conceiving, from the Indian's presence, that the young man came in triumph to accept her acknowledged love, she stood proudly and haughtily awaiting his coming. He saw this, and his whole manner was even more despondent and deferential than usual. Cary felt that the Indian had not betrayed her.

"I come, Miss Wharton," said Edward, "to bid you good-bye. I am weary of Texas, and wish to return at once to the United States. The charm which has bound me here so long was last night rudely broken."

"Edward Knox," said Cary, with an affectation of solemnity, "I have a great mind, in revenge for being called rude, to say Good-bye, God bless you. But," added the arch girl, blushing, and gently bowing her head, "I will say, Don't go, Edward. If you do, you will leave one sad heart behind."

"Cary," cried the young man, "may I——"

"Don't interrupt, sir. It is of no use to disguise from myself that you love me; and that you are not indifferent to me, I am afraid yonder red-skin can prove too clearly for me to deny it."

"Cary," again cried the lawyer, who was so overcome as to be anything but fit for a cross-examination, "to what do I owe this happiness?"

"To Heaven, Edward, if it be happiness, which in one night has changed me, and made of a giddy girl a woman. Listen." And in a few rapid sentences she told her night's adventures, to which Edward Knox listened with gravity and pain, until his friend Stooping Hawk was introduced, when he could not forbear a smile.

"At what do you laugh, *dear* Edward?" said Cary Wharton.

"At the Indian, dear Cary. He loves me as a brother; and I am quite sure intended, for my advantage, to wring from you an acknowledgment of affection to be used against you. Well, I must confess, though it was a strange proceeding, we have both much to thank him for."

That day Edward Knox dined with Cary and her father, and after dinner "popped the question" to the major, who, though he had an indistinct recollection of having promised his daughter to some one else the night before, yet, as Cary was on the present suitor's side, shook his future son-in-law's hand, and expressed himself highly delighted. About a month after, Major Wharton and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Knox started for ——, Massachusetts, having sold all they had in Texas, and Edward realized the picture of his reception on his return. Nor was he any the less welcome because he brought with him a wife. He at once, from his wealth and talents, took a high position; and we have no doubt, whenever a vacancy occurs, will be returned to Congress, there to make his eloquence and sound sense available. The Stooping Hawk returned to Upper Texas, where Edward has promised to visit him, when he can find time for a shooting excursion. With regard to his rival, we should not have given publicity to this narrative, but from reading the following lines in the official record of the battle of Palo Alto—"Killed before the enemy, Captain Paul Dalton, volunteer."

It will be seen that Cary Wharton suffered not in the end for her fault. But her escape was narrow; and but for one of those Providential occurrences which happen at times, her punishment would have indeed been terrible. The brightest charm of woman is truth and candor, and coquetry is but another word for deceit and falsehood.

Original Poetry.

THE HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY I. S. BILLINGS.

Dedicated to T. E. Waller, M. D.

The heart is not a lonely thing,
In solitude it may not dwell;
Though it despond, the more 'twill cling
To kindred hearts, its woes to tell.

Man hath no joy apart from man,
Nor pleasure finds in lonely life;
His heart still yearns, and turns again
To mingle in the bitter strife.

The future is man's little all,
And that, though seeming fair and bright,
May on his spirit hapless fall,
And wrap his hopes in chillsome blight.

'Twere vain to look upon the past—
To weep the tears we've long since shed;
'Twere wise in Lethe's stream to cast
Our woes—to hope and look ahead.

There's bitterness where'er we turn—
Woe claimeth kindred to the soul;
And whilst the darksome past we mourn,
We look but to a darksome goal.

Time rolls apace, and man must be
The sport of change, and kiss the rod;
His home is in Eternity,
His happiness is with his God.

The world hath no abiding place—
All things must meet decay and death;
Man, in the sand his will doth trace;
Life's woes return—'tis lost beneath!

Though man gropes onward in the dark,
All ceaseless shine the stars above,
And whilst endures the vital spark,
He may possess God's saving love.

Then, brother of the weary heart,
Arise! and plume thy wings, and soar!
And dwell from earth born things apart,
And joy is thine forevermore!

Nashville, Dec. 29, 1846.

GOOD TOAST.—A Massachusetts lady sent the following toast to the celebration of the N. E. Society at Chicago:—

"Benjamin Franklin and Professor Morse—Sons of the Old Bay State; the one drew the lightning from heaven; the other gave it voice and bade it speak to the world."

AN EXPENSIVE FUNERAL.—It is stated in Forster's "Statesmen of the Commonwealth," that the sum of sixty thousand pounds sterling was devoted to defray the funeral expenses of Oliver Cromwell!

A True Tale.

A TALE OF MODERN GERMANY.

One of the features of our time—as of all times, each of which is new in its generation—is the character of its crimes. Every phasis of human affairs, every advance in civilization, every shade of improvement in our material comforts and conveniences, gives rise to new modes and forms—nay, to actual new births—of crime, the germs of which were only waiting for a congenial soil to spring in; whilst others are but modifications of the old inventions, accommodated to new circumstances.

There are thus stages in the history of crime indicative of ages. First, we have the heroic. At a very early period of a nation's annals, crime is bloody, bold, and resolute. Ambitious princes "make quick conveyance" with those who stand in the way of their advancement; and fierce barons slake their enmity and revenge in the blood of their foes, with little attempt at concealment, and no appearance of remorse. Next comes the age of strange murders, mysterious poisonings, and life long incarcerations: when the passions, yet rife, unsubdued by education and the practical influence of religion, and rebellious to the new restraints of law, seek their gratification by hidden and tortuous methods. This is the romantic era of crime. But as civilization advances, it descends to a lower sphere, sheltering itself chiefly in the squallid districts of poverty and wretchedness; the last halo of the romantic and heroic fades from it; and except where it is the result of brutal ignorance, its chief characteristic becomes astuteness.

In perusing lately some continental "celebrated causes," we have been struck by the strange tinge of romance which still colors the page of their criminal records, causing them to read like the annals of a previous century. We think we perceive also a state of morals somewhat in arrears of the stage which we have reached, and certainly some curious and very defective forms of law; and these two causes combined, seem to give rise to criminal enterprises which in this country could scarcely have been undertaken, or, if they were, must have met with immediate detection and punishment.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the 28th of February, 1812, that a gentleman presented himself at the door of Mr. Schmidt, an affluent merchant of Leipsic. Being admitted to an interview, he informed Mr. Schmidt that he was from Hamburgh, where, not finding affairs favorable to his *objects*, he had come to see what could be done in Saxony; and, describing himself as especially recommended to Mr. Schmidt's good offices, he requested that gentleman's advice with respect to the most advantageous mode of laying out his money.

In the course of this conversation, which lasted upwards of half an hour, Mr. Schmidt opened his desk, and took from it a bill to the amount of one hundred dollars, which the visitor begged leave to inspect. Having done so, he restored it to the owner, who, whilst returning it to the place whence he had taken it, suddenly sank to the ground, deprived of consciousness. On recovering his senses, he cried to the stranger to assist him; but the stranger was gone.

When Mr. Schmidt arose from the floor, which he did with much difficulty—for his head was bleeding profusely—he saw the chairs standing about in confusion, and his desk open, and a moment's examination showed him that bills to the amount of three thousand dollars were missing.

By this time his cries had summoned to his aid Vetter, the landlord of the house, and his wife, who having bound up his bleeding head as well as they could, the unfortunate man, to whom indignation and despair lent strength, rushed into the street, and making his way to the sheriff's office, there lodged information against the stranger, giving the best description of him he could. Notices were immediately sent to all the banking houses in the city, together with the numbers of the missing bills; but quickly as this was done it was too late. The house of Frege and Company had already cashed them.

On learning this, Mr. Schmidt returned home, took to his bed, and after an illness of some duration, died from the consequences of the wounds in his head, which the surgeon declared had been inflicted with considerable violence, and by a blunt instrument.

Before he expired, he reiterated upon oath the above particulars, adding that he did not know how or why he had fallen, nor whether the stranger had struck him or not. An idea seems to have prevailed at the time that he had sunk to the ground immediately after taking a pinch of snuff from the stranger's box; but this fact was not positively established. Of the appearance of this ill-omened visitor he could give very little description, except that he believed him to be about forty years of age.

The account given by the bankers was, that between the hours of ten and eleven on the day in question, a stranger had presented himself, requesting cash for the bills, which he duly received, partly in gold and partly in silver. As far as they had observed, he exhibited no appearance of haste or uneasiness whatever. On the contrary, he had not only counted the money and inspected the various coins with great deliberation, but he had returned some of them, requesting others in their place. With respect to his appearance, both they and Vetter, who had seen him in Mr. Schmidt's office, agreed that he was well-dressed, and had much the air of a country clergyman.

This scanty information furnished no clue to the discovery of the assassin. The murdered man was laid in his grave; and, after causing much terror and excitement amongst the inhabitants of Leipsic for a time, the story sank into oblivion, and was forgotten, or at least ceased to be talked of.

A year had elapsed, and the month of February had come round again, when one morning a rumor spread through the city that a fearful murder had been committed on the person of an elderly lady of property called Kunhardt. It appeared that Madame Kunhardt had sent out her maid between eight and nine o'clock in the morning to fetch a flask of wine from a house hard by. The girl declared she had not been absent five minutes, and that, on her return, she was met in the entrance-hall by a clergyman, who asked her if she was going out, and whether she should be long. She told him she was now returning; whereupon he went quickly forth at the street door. The girl then ascending to her mistress, heard the old lady's voice crying, "Hanne! Hanne!" and on entering the apartment, she discovered her lying in one corner of the ante-room, with her head bleeding. She told the maid that a stranger, who had brought her that letter, pointing to one on the floor, had struck her down. On being asked if she knew him, she said she had never seen him before to her knowledge. The letter, stained with blood, proved, on examination, to be addressed to Madame Kunhardt, and purported that she should give the bearer one thousand dollars. It was dated Hohendorf, 24th January, 1813.

The walls and the floor were sprinkled with blood, and from one spot the coloring of the wainscot seemed to be rubbed off.

A Dr. Kunitz, who resided in the same house, said that, just before he heard the maid crying for help, he had seen a middle-sized man, in a dark frock-coat and a black cap, going out at the street door. His coat was marked as if it had been rubbed against the wall.

Of course suspicion fell upon this stranger; the more so as the maid said that the same gentleman had called two days before, and inquired for her mistress, but had gone away on learning she was engaged with company. The coachman's wife also, who lived in the lower part of the house, had seen the stranger on that occasion, and at his request had directed him to the apartments of Madame Kunhardt. She having business that way herself, had followed him up stairs. Just, however, as they reached the door, Hanne opened it to let in the baker, whereon the stranger turned down stairs again, saying it was a mistake, and went straight out of the house.

Meantime Madame Kunhardt died, and the alarm became very general; people grew extremely shy of receiving morning visitors; and several persons came forward, laying claim to the honor of having already been favored with the attentions of this mysterious stranger; amongst the rest, the wife of Dr. Kunitz, and a Demoiselle Junius, a lady of considerable fortune. But on both of these occasions circumstances had been adverse to the success of his object.

Presently a rumor began to circulate that the maid had been heard saying that she knew who the assassin was, and that he was a clergyman whom she had often seen whilst living in her last place, with a certain Dr. H——; whereon being called upon to name him, she fixed upon a gentleman, who was immediately arrested; but on being confronted with him, neither she or any of the witnesses recognized him as the person whose morning visits had become so notorious. This mistake, however, directed attention to another clergyman, who was in the habit of frequenting her late master's house; and Dr. H—— remembered that a friend of his, called Tinius, had slept at his house on the night preceding the murder of Madame Kunhardt; had gone out about eight o'clock in the morning; and had returned at nine, after having read the newspapers, and bought a book of a person named Rau, which he brought in with him.

Dr. Tinius was a man on whom no shadow of suspicion had ever rested. He was a minister of Posenna, an eloquent and far famed preacher; an author, amongst other things, of his own biography; a man of deep learning, and one of the greatest book collectors in Germany. His library contained not less than sixty thousand volumes.

Nevertheless, strange as the thing seemed, suspicion attached itself to Dr. Tinius; but in so delicate a matter, where the reputation of so eminent a man was concerned, great caution was felt to be requisite. Before they ventured to accuse him, they carried the maid Hanne to Posenna. Tinius, who happened to be just stepping *out* of his house, turned pale at the sight of her. She declared he was the man, and he was forthwith arrested, and carried to prison.

Nothing could equal the surprise of the citizens of Leipsic at this discovery, nor their horror when further investigations brought to light many other attempted assassinations, besides the successful one of Mr. Schmidt. When we say *brought to light*, we mean produced a universal persuasion that the, till now, respected Dr. Tinius was the criminal; for to this day, although so many years have elapsed since these events occurred, they are shrouded in an impenetrable mystery; and Dr. Tinius still lives, residing at a place called Zeitz, under surveillance. Nor does there appear much reason to hope that the secret will be cleared up by a death-bed confession, old age having hitherto brought with in no appearance of remorse.

At the end of the first year he was degraded from his clerical office, a ceremony which appears to have been conducted with great solemnity, and given over to the civil power; after which, by his talent and obstinacy, the investigation or trial was spun out nine years more.

The success with which many criminals in Germany seem to elude conviction, frustrate the law, and thus prolong their own lives, forms a very remarkable feature in the criminal records of the country, and appears to indicate something extremely defective in the judicial process; in short, the difficulty of obtaining a conviction seems quite extraordinary; and we find numerous instances of trials extending to ten or more years, where no shadow of doubt could exist as to the guilt of the parties arraigned.

Neither, as regarded Dr. Tinius, has any reasonable motive for these extraordinary assassinations been discovered; the one most commonly suggested is that which romance has attributed to Eugene Aram; namely, an inordinate desire to purchase books. Others believe him to have been actuated by a diabolical hatred to mankind, more especially to the prosperous portion of it.

He had two wives, neither of whom lived happily with him; and there were not wanting persons who declared that he had always inspired them with an inexplicable repugnance; but this feeling had never been heard of till after the crime.

Dr. Tinius endeavored to prove an *alibi*, but with very indifferent success; and it goes to establish his guilt, that several letters were found in his house of a like nature to the one he had presented to Madame Kunhardt, and addressed to various opulent people in the city, evidently intended for the same atrocious purpose. A hammer, with the handle shortened, so as to be conveniently carried in the pocket, was also discovered; and it was thought that the wounds on Madame Kunhardt's head had been inflicted with such an instrument.

But amongst the most extraordinary features in this affair, are the numerous letters he wrote to his *friends—respectable men, generally clergymen*—whilst he was in prison, and the investigation was pending. Letters, coolly requesting them to hide this, and destroy that, and swear the other, which, whilst they furnish the strongest proof of his guilt, betray at the same time either the entire absence of all moral perceptions on his own part, or else a conviction that these honorable men were in that condition themselves. These letters refer to certain matters connected with the murder of Mr. Schmidt, as well as that of Madame Kunhardt.

It appeared that the first intimation he had that he was suspected, was from a letter sent to Posenna by some friend, dated February 17. It informed him of the maid-servant's deposition; and at the bottom of the page were these word, *Deleatur et ignis traditur*; a piece of advice which, strangely enough, he neglected to follow.

The murder of Mr. Schmidt was supposed to be the first successful crime of this bold assassin; though doubtless not the first attempted. And a bold enterprise it certainly was; in broad daylight in a frequented street of a populous city, to introduce himself into the office of an affluent and well known merchant, and rob him of his life and his money with so much adroitness, that the people in the house heard no disturbance; and with so much self possession, that he was able immediately afterwards to present himself at a banking house and not only coolly demand cash for the stolen bills, but count the money and select his coin with a degree of deliberation and repose of manner that would have been sufficient to disarm suspicion, had any existed.

He does not appear, however, to have been quite so much at his ease after the murder of Madame Kunhardt. Circumstances there had been less favorable; and if booty were his object, he had been disappointed. The maid Hanne, to whom he spoke in the hall, asserted that he looked very pale; as did also the cook at Dr. H——'s. She said that when he returned home that morning his face was ashy white, and his step unsteady; and that when he entered the parlor, he stood for some minutes with his hand, which visibly shook, resting on the Bible. She had remarked the same symptoms of agitation at table whilst he laughed and joked, and exerted himself to appear cheerful and disengaged; and although, during his several examinations, the system of obstinate denial he had adopted was never shaken, yet there were moments wherein he betrayed an irrepressible confusion, which he endeavored to mask by a violent fit of yawning.

Whilst in confinement, he occupied himself chiefly in writing and corresponding with his acquaintance. When he was released under surveillance, his former congregation, disliking to receive him amongst them, subscribed a sufficient sum to provide him with a domicile elsewhere.

He is described as a middle-sized man, of pale complexion, and black hair, which he wore combed straight down on each side of his head. He was generally wrapt in a blue cloak; and thus he went about paying these fearful morning visits, with his mysterious snuff box and deadly hammer in his pocket, biding his opportunity.

The following remarkable passage was found in his autobiography, written *previous* to the occurrence of the events above narrated. "The fact that it is not customary to publish the histories and motives of living persons, is sufficient to exonerate me for having omitted to treat openly on these subjects. The picture which I now paint is for posterity. The colors will remain unfaded, and the drawing correct. Many men's thoughts have been laid open to me, and their words and deeds have pronounced judgment upon them; and be it longer or shorter, we shall one day stand before the great Judge, where the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, and all that is hid in darkness be brought to light. Meantime, I wait my justification in patience, being so accustomed to calumny, that it has ceased to effect me—especially since I observe that it is not my honor, but their own, that my enemies injure. To suffer for righteousness' sake is pleasing in the eyes of God and man. I will hold fast the truth that is in Jesus, fight the battles of my God unto death, and rest my hopes on the promise of the dying saint—'So, my son, shall the Lord fight for thee.'"

Pictures of Life.

DOMBEY AND SON.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, (BOZ.)

CONTINUED.

At length Mr. Dombey, bringing down Miss Tox and Mrs. Chick to see the children, and finding the Major again at Brighton, invited him to dinner at the Bedford, and complimented Miss Tox highly, beforehand, on her neighbor and acquaintance.—Notwithstanding the palpitation of the heart which these allusions occasioned her, they were anything but disagreeable to Miss Tox, as they enabled her to be extremely interesting and to manifest an occasional incoherence and distraction which she was not at all unwilling to display. The Major gave her abundant opportunities of exhibiting this emotion: being profuse in his complaints, at dinner, of her desertion of him and Princess's Place: and as he appeared to derive great enjoyment from making them, they all got on very well.

None the worse on account of the Major taking charge of the whole conversation, and showing as great an appetite in that respect as in regard of the various dainties on the table, among which he may be almost said to have wallowed: greatly to the aggravation of his inflammatory tendencies. Mr. Dombey's habitual silence and reserve yielding readily to this usurpation, the Major felt that he was coming out and shining: and in the flow of spirits thus engendered, rang such an infinite number of new changes on his own name that he quite astonished himself. In a word, they were all very well pleased. The Major was considered to possess an inexhaustible fund of conversation: and when he took a late farewell, after a long rubber, Mr. Dombey again complimented the blushing Miss Tox on her neighbor and acquaintance.

But all the way home to his own hotel, the Major incessantly said to himself, and of himself, "Sly, sir—sly, sir—de-vil-ish sly!" And when he got there, sat down in a chair, and fell into a silent fit of laughter, with which he was sometimes seized, and which was always particularly awful. It held him so long on this occasion that the dark servant, who stood watching him at a distance, but dared not for his life approach, twice or thrice gave him over for lost. His whole form, but especially his face and head, dilated beyond all former experience; and presented to the dark man's view, nothing but a heaving mass of indigo. At length he burst into a violent paroxysm of coughing, and when that was a little better, burst into such ejaculations as the following:

"Would you, ma'am, would you? Mrs. Dombey, eh, ma'am? I think not, ma'am. Not while Joe B. can put a spoke in your wheel, ma'am. J. B.'s even with you now, ma'am. He isn't altogether bowled out, yet, sir, isn't Bagstock. She's deep, sir, deep, but Josh is deeper. Wide awake is old Joe—broad awake, and staring, sir!" There was no doubt of this last assertion being true and to a very fearful extent; as it continued to be during the greater part of that night, which the Major chiefly passed in similar exclamations, diversified with fits of coughing and choking that startled the whole house.

It was on the day after this occasion (being Sunday) when, as Mr. Dombey, Mrs. Chick, and Miss Tox, were sitting at breakfast, still eulogizing the Major, Florence came running in: her face suffused with a bright color, and her eyes sparkling joyfully: and cried,

"Papa! papa! here's Walter! and he won't come in."

"Who?" cried Mr. Dombey. "What does she mean? What is this?"

"Walter, papa," said Florence, timidly; sensible of having approached the presence with too much familiarity. "Who found me when I was lost."

"Does she mean young Gay, Louisa?" inquired Mr. Dombey, knitting his brows. "Really, this child's manners have become very boisterous. She cannot mean young Gay, I think. See what it is, will you."

Mrs. Chick hurried into the passage, and returned with the information that it was young Gay, accompanied by a very strange-looking person; and that young Gay said he would not take the liberty of coming in, hearing Mr. Dombey was at breakfast, but would wait until Mr. Dombey should signify that he might approach.

"Tell the boy to come in now," said Mr. Dombey. "Now, Gay, what is the matter? Who sent you down here? Was there nobody else to come?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," returned Walter, "I have not been sent. I have been so bold as to come on my own account, which I hope you'll pardon, when I mention the cause."

But Mr. Dombey, without attending to what he said, was looking impatiently on either side of him (as if he were a pillar in his way) at some object behind.

"What's that?" said Mr. Dombey. "Who is that? I think you have made some mistake in the door, sir."

"Oh, I'm very sorry to intrude with any one, sir," cried Walter, hastily, "but this is—this is Captain Cuttle, sir."

"Wal'r, my lad," observed the captain, in a deep voice, "stand by!"

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies $3 per annum in advance—$4 if not paid in advance.

Five dollars will pay for one copy and one extra copy will be sent three years.

To Clubs we make the following liberal offers:

4 COPIES,	$9.00	PER ANNUM.
8 "	$16.00	" "
12 "	$23.00	" "
20 "	$35.00	" "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remittals must always state the Post Office counties and States to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "The Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Forester," a Pictorial Sheet Annual, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Burton's Pictorial Magazine—or one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Peters' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Forester," for 1847—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Pictorial Magazine" for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Peters' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We would call the attention of our friends to the fact that this is the proper time to begin getting up Clubs and re-starting subscriptions for the new year. We intend to make the old Post serve itself, if possible, the coming season, and would ask those who are compensators to waken up, if they do not wish to be left behind altogether. Our terms are very low, in fact so low as to preclude the idea of original paper of the size and quality of the Post—of course if we chose to publish a second edition of some daily paper, together with the one that is now mailed or variety, and call it "a weekly," we could afford to do it cheaper. But we know our subscribers want the best kind of a paper, and we intend giving it to them. We trust, therefore, that our friends will go to work getting up clubs, or sending us their individual subscriptions, as quickly as possible, in order that we may know at once how many more thousands we are to print during the coming year than the last.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Rose and the Thistle.—We are obliged to Mr. Rose for his translation of this sweet little poem. We have given orders to have the Post sent as requested, and trust frequently to receive contributions from his gifted pen.

G. W.—The letter inclosing five dollars alluded to by our correspondent, has not been received. We received two dollars through Mr. Rose, the gentleman's agent, and perhaps the amount referred to. The Enigmas are well done—if there are no errors in them.

J. T. T.'s Enigma shall be published in its regular turn.

Mistaken Love.—Some passages in this poem are very good, but there is a want of meaning and coherence about it as a whole, which compels us to lay it reluctantly by also.

Kind Sirrits.—If we hear nothing from the author in opposition thereto, we shall take the liberty of making the middle stanza of the poem, which contained a great material error, when we publish it, as we are convinced that though it will lessen the poetry, it will much increase the quality of the poem.

The Bard's Farewell.—We have received a letter signed D. W. McDowell, from Ladysrove College, Easton, Pennsylvania, inclosing the above well-known poem as an original contribution. We would inform Mr. McDowell that one of the meanest things a person can be guilty of, is literary theft.

DOMBEY AND SON.

As we have now arrived at the conclusion of Part Third of Dombey and Son, which happens to be one of those natural halting places in novels, where old incidents have all wound up, and fresh ones have to be introduced, we have determined to discontinue the regular publication of the work, unless we are stronger by a considerable number of our readers to go on with it.

We contemplate, therefore, in place of the regular publication of the future numbers, to give brief abstracts of them as they are received, quoting any passages of unusual interest or beauty, in order that those who have presented the initial numbers of the issuance and her brother than far in our columns, may be fully apprised monthly of what progress they are making in the work.

We trust that our course in this matter will thus give universal satisfaction to our readers, and we still confess for ourselves, that among other reasons which have led us to adopt it, was the desire to get rid of a certain cloke in slang words who figures in the work, and whose habitual exclamation, though so innocently used as it is possible for any oath to be used, is not such as we like to be easily inserted in introducing into the family circles of our land.

KINDNESS TO THE PRISONER.

Our readers generally may not be aware that Christmas Day was considered in the Female department of one of the New York prisons by a holiday and a dinner. We should not have referred to the fact at this late period, had we not perceived in sundry papers from which we had expected better things, condemnatory remarks in relation to such proceedings. These journals denominate the feeling that prompts of this kindness to the prisoner, "a sickly sympathy," and allude to the hon deeds of honest poor who that day fared worse than those who had been convicted of crime.

Now as to this latter statement we would observe, that it has no applicability, unless it can be shown that the money thus employed in furnishing a happy day to the prisoner could otherwise have been appropriated for the benefit of the poor. But this is the very thing that cannot be shown. Men will give in the direction that their sympathies prompt, or not at all. And we would not be afraid to venture a resort turkey upon the assertion, that those individuals who condemn either for this appropriation of their funds for the benefit of the criminal rather than of the virtuous poor, in nine cases out of ten did not themselves contribute the first red cent for the benefit of either class. Nay, we will go further—for it is true beyond all controversy, that one charity stands in the way of another—and know our conviction that the men and women who thus in their own love for relieving forget not the unmerited sufferings of the prison-house, were the very ones who who did not forget the poor men and his wearily pressed table.

But such charity is called a "sickly sympathy." If so, then that man whose name has become a household matter for the most devoted benevolence, the philanthropist Howard, was also nothing but a sickly sympathizer. He made it the special business of his life to minister to the comforts of a class whose crimes have too often shut them out from all sympathy—the destitute of the criminal, it might also have been urged against Howard, that instead of wasting so much time and money and labor to improve the conditions of the criminal, it would be far better to excite his energies to the relief of the nefarious outcasts of society. But every man has his appointed mission—and what per exemption is it in those who are doing nothing in any way, to censure those who really are doing something, because they choose to temper the promptings of their own hearts rather than the judgments of others.

A "sickly sympathy." Is it not one of the most important purposes of all penal law in reform the offender—to prevent his sinking deeper into vice and crime, and to make of him on the contrary an honest and useful member of society? And will you do this by harshness—will you terrify the wrong doer into repentance and purity of heart? You might learn better from the old fable of the sun and the wind. The cloak of prejudice, of passion or of hatred, will be had the more closely drawn around the heart of the criminal, in proportion as your speech and conduct towards him are like the whistling of the storm-wind—but the sun of kindness once shine forth, and he casts the gloomy folds that have enveloped him aside, for it is not often in the heart of man to repulse love and respect with scorn and contumely. It, therefore, you wish to reform the criminal, treat him as a man who has not "lost all his original brightness."

But, not to dwell on the topic upon this subject, it seems to us there was a peculiar appropriateness in the cunning even the heart of the prisoner to revel with joy upon the occasion alluded to with Christmas day. On that day, centuries ago, occurred the birth of Him who first proclaimed in its fullness the doctrine of liberty to the captive and the bruised. None were too vile or too degraded, to be the subjects of His heavenly sympathy—and we cannot imagine that He would look down with any other feeling than that of approbation, upon such a celebration of the anniversary of His birth! It seems to us to have been a most appropriate employment—and we doubt not the remembrances of that comparatively happy day, will linger in the minds of the prisoners to be mingled and sorting beings through all their future existences, inciting so far as its influence extends to a return to the paths of virtue, and becoming in the they look back upon it like a fresh and beautiful oasis amid the dreary desert of their prison life.

LACONICS.

There are some women that we like very much to talk with, and yet we should by no means marry—for the same reason that we would not like to make a dinner of oysters.

Though a man may have been a pretty woman in the streets, it does not follow that they should all want to marry her. Everything has its own use, and even a woman who is entirely lacking, and nothing more, has hers.

According to the natural order of things, vigilance of body and of soul should always be found together, and to a certain extent it ever is so. For the former is the part of the evil mind, may enter, as of the latter "the most beautiful of the beasts of the field," in a short time it must lose its erect position, but begin to crawl.

"Love your enemies"—yes, but not so you love your friends; that were impossible.

We look over the wide world, and all seems stormy and dark and lampetuous, but then we see the home circles, like sweet patches of blue sky set among the rocks, and until like children shining like stars in their midst.

The good man sees in his own heart the shadowy type—beautiful in the dim light—his allotted life—and he strengthens and prepares himself to be brought under subjection. But he avoids thinking of them, much more holding converse with them, for in proportion as they are seen they become more distinct and real, until at length they grow into palpable deeds, and all men cry out, "an evil spirit is here among us."

Some people seem to imagine that every age must inevitably be better than the one that preceded it—and yet all of wisdom that has been ever taught, and all of virtuous practice, has been the same as it was destroyed by a flood. Doubtless the antidiluvian world cherished also the same absurd and dangerous idea.

Time is well represented in the ancient Egyptian legend as a flight of steps, which continually fall away behind him who ascends them. Men talk of the present, but there is no present—there is only a past and a future. Man may say, "I have been" or "I will be,"—God simply says "I am."

Nothing can be had in this world without paying its price. The foolish mother fears to let her son pursue the natural course of life at his age, lest he should be run over or drowned. She will not pay the price for bravery and manliness, and therefore she shall procure a coward! Such is life.

That old scripture about the camel passing through the eye of the needle, hangs over many a rich man's head like the hair-suspended sword over that of Damocles. They fear the shock of death may break that slender hair.

Generally a man's self-love increases in proportion as he grows unworthy of his own or anybody else's love.

Some hair feels love flattery, but all men love genius—and the most delicate flattery is only valued because it is mistaken for honest and well-deserved praise.

"Still waters run deep"—yes, sometimes; otherwise, they run stagnant, and are of no use, but stagnate.

"The idle man's brain is the Devil's workshop"—then the industrious man's brain is God's workshop.

Let the world take what praise it may be given to industry than the sit proveth thou knowest.

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS.

There are some people in the world who seem to have been born for no other purpose than to be bores to all who meet with their fellow creatures, and yet not be driven out from all respectable society. Such characters are those to whom not the most particular affairs of their neighbors are sacred. For the mere gratification of a morbid curiosity, they will pry into the most secret matters, and will worm themselves, as it were, into all other ways to obtain the desired information, will not hesitate to attempt to gratify their inquisitive feeling by leading questions addressed to the parties themselves.

And here comes up a question of morals for most of his cent. or himself a servant to hasten his dinner, instead of forcing him to eat through a hurried and irregular manner, to the great annoyance, peckings and clugging—stage-time, railroad time, steamboat time are no less subject to any other days—all these, and various other items' make up the sum total of human misery, perhaps, there cases in the trip of one thousand miles—make up the time of perhaps a week. The discomfort—ing last—hard to get, and hard to give.

We think His Excellency must have flung the above sketch with a pretty careful hand, to spend over $600 on one trip—unless he was a very long time about it. Perhaps, though, he was determined to have his money's worth in travel in the eyes of all waiters, boot-blacks, barkeeps, &c., no matter what it came to.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN MEXICO.

Though the inhabitants of Mexico are far behind the people of this country in most things, there is one respect in which we might copy from them with advantage—and that is in the exercise of all moral distinctions when assembled to worship the Eternal Father. A late letter from Monterey says:—

"There are not, as in too often the case with us luxuriously cushioned pews, from which the wealthy listen to the soft strains of the fashionable of costly Francs. The different classes and sexes are kept apart by wide and high walls, and by a system of the beautiful and refined Semitic in frequently in operation in the Jewish Temple and the British Sanctuary. Spite of the listlessness of the worshippers, there is something imposing in their humble devotion. Their total disregard of whilst in the sanctuary, of the despotic relations existing beyond its walls between the rich and the poor, is really though singular development of his force caused by the necessity of constant labor, and the ever-ready effects of a want of (illegible) contentment) whom he had met in one of his rambles.

We now notice in the last number of the Christian Observer, Mr. Burton's pastor of fifty dollars has been made up by "the boys and girls" of Worcester and its neighborhood, and sent over to the Rev. Burton as a Christmas present for the benefit of this poor boy. The "home editor" says—

"We doubt not that in a month from now, Jimmy's crooked face will shine like a bright his basin with smiles at gratitude and joy, and that his mother will feel right in regard to the special influence of kind teachers, good books and sweet Sabbaths.

We love to record such instances of kind feeling toward the suffering and degraded of a distant land; and have no fear that our own poor will be neglected or forgotten, while such deeds of charity are performed. No, the charity that is always quoting the proverb "Charity begins at home," seldom begins anywhere.

NEW IDEAS.

The well known fact that new ideas, whether they be inventions in the physical world, or improvements in the moral condition of mankind, it would be far better to excite his energies to the relief of the nefarious outcasts of society. But every man has his appointed mission—and what per exemption is it in those who are doing nothing in any way, to censure those who really are doing something, because they choose to temper the promptings of their own hearts rather than the judgments of others.

A "sickly sympathy." Is it not one of the most important purposes of all penal law in reform the offender—to prevent his sinking deeper into vice and crime, and to make of him on the contrary an honest and useful member of society? And will you do this by harshness—will you terrify the wrong doer into repentance and purity of heart? You might learn better from the old fable of the sun and the wind. The cloak of prejudice, of passion or of hatred, will be had the more closely drawn around the heart of the criminal, in proportion as your speech and conduct towards him are like the whistling of the storm-wind—but the sun of kindness once shine forth, and he casts the gloomy folds that have enveloped him aside, for it is not often in the heart of man to repulse love and respect with

"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

We know that this song is almost universally known, and yet as we came across it the other day in the pages of a western newspaper, we could not avoid cutting it out and accurately laying it aside for an insertion in the Post. It is certainly, the subject and all considered, the sweetest song in the language. And even those who do not feel the force of it in their own particular instance, cannot fail to recognize the truth of it, and admire it as a beautiful and melancholy utterance. To the aged, especially, it brings back that sweetest hour of his, that dimmed hour of his youth, when he had not come in contact with a cause for sacrifice, must now come to the conclusion that the world is a very delicious order; that Bluebeard, being now dead, is not the model man of the age, and that the frozen heights of age, a strange and fanciful delusion, but none the less the will the heart thrill and glow as it is recollected that "I was a dream," as the song terms it, it was a dream of heaven.

Oh! the days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, all love!
New hopes may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life,
As love's young dream!

Though the hard to purer fame may soar
When wild youth's past,
Though we win the wise approving cry,
To smile at last,
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his been of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one lov'd name!

Oh! that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,
Which first knew love,
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
In memory's waste!
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed,
'Twas morning's winged dream!
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
To life's dull scene!
Oh! 'twere light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull scene!

TO TOBACCO CHEWERS.

The following homely but earnest and truthful appeal to Tobacco chewers, is from the Methodist Protestant, an influential religious paper published in Baltimore, and is worthy of the notice of all:

Nothing can be had in this world without paying its price. The foolish mother fears to let her son pursue the natural course of life at his age, lest he should be run over or drowned. She will not pay the price for bravery and manliness, and therefore she shall procure a coward! Such is life.

That old scripture about the camel passing through the eye of the needle, hangs over many a rich man's head like the hair-suspended sword over that of Damocles. They fear the shock of death may break that slender hair.

Generally a man's self-love increases in proportion as he grows unworthy of his own or anybody else's love.

Some hair feels love flattery, but all men love genius—and the most delicate flattery is only valued because it is mistaken for honest and well-deserved praise.

"Still waters run deep"—yes, sometimes; otherwise, they run stagnant, and are of no use, but stagnate.

"The idle man's brain is the Devil's workshop"—then the industrious man's brain is God's workshop.

Let the world take what praise it may be given to industry than the sit proveth thou knowest.

IMPUDENT QUESTIONS.

There are some people in the world who seem to have been born for no other purpose than to be bores to all who meet with their fellow creatures, and yet not be driven out from all respectable society. Such characters are those to whom not the most particular affairs of their neighbors are sacred. For the mere gratification of a morbid curiosity, they will pry into the most secret matters, will worm themselves, as it were, into all other ways to obtain the desired information, will not hesitate to attempt to gratify their inquisitive feeling by leading questions addressed to the parties themselves.

And here comes up a question of morals for most of his cent. or himself a servant to hasten his dinner, instead of forcing him to eat through a hurried and irregular manner, to the great annoyance, peckings and clugging—stage-time, railroad time, steamboat time are no less subject to any other days—all these, and various other items' make up the sum total of human misery, perhaps, there cases in the trip of one thousand miles—make up the time of perhaps a week. The discomfort—ing last—hard to get, and hard to give.

We think His Excellency must have flung the above sketch with a pretty careful hand, to spend over $600 on one trip—unless he was a very long time about it. Perhaps, though, he was determined to have his money's worth in travel in the eyes of all waiters, boot-blacks, barkeeps, &c., no matter what it came to.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP IN MEXICO.

Though the inhabitants of Mexico are far behind the people of this country in most things, there is one respect in which we might copy from them with advantage—and that is in the exercise of all moral distinctions when assembled to worship the Eternal Father. A late letter from Monterey says:—

"There are not, as in too often the case with us luxuriously cushioned pews, from which the wealthy listen to the soft strains of the fashionable of costly Francs. The different classes and sexes are kept apart by wide and high walls, and by a system of the beautiful and refined Semitic in frequently in operation in the Jewish Temple and the British Sanctuary. Spite of the listlessness of the worshippers, there is something imposing in their humble devotion. Their total disregard of whilst in the sanctuary, of the despotic relations existing beyond its walls between the rich and the poor, is really though singular development of his force caused by the necessity of constant labor, and the ever-ready effects of a want of (illegible) contentment) whom he had met in one of his rambles.

We now notice in the last number of the Christian Observer, Mr. Burton's pastor of fifty dollars has been made up by "the boys and girls" of Worcester and its neighborhood, and sent over to the Rev. Burton as a Christmas present for the benefit of this poor boy. The "home editor" says—

"We doubt not that in a month from now, Jimmy's crooked face will shine like a bright his basin with smiles at gratitude and joy, and that his mother will feel right in regard to the special influence of kind teachers, good books and sweet Sabbaths.

We love to record such instances of kind feeling toward the suffering and degraded of a distant land; and have no fear that our own poor will be neglected or forgotten, while such deeds of charity are performed. No, the charity that is always quoting the proverb "Charity begins at home," seldom begins anywhere.

NEW IDEAS.

The well known fact that new ideas, whether they be inventions in the physical world, or improvements in the moral condition of mankind, it would be far better to excite his energies to the relief of the nefarious outcasts of society. But every man has his appointed mission—and what per exemption is it in those who are doing nothing in any way, to censure those who really are doing something, because they choose to temper the promptings of their own hearts rather than the judgments of others.

A "sickly sympathy." Is it not one of the most important purposes of all penal law in reform the offender—to prevent his sinking deeper into vice and crime, and to make of him on the contrary an honest and useful member of society? And will you do this by harshness—will you terrify the wrong doer into repentance and purity of heart? You might learn better from the old fable of the sun and the wind. The cloak of prejudice, of passion or of hatred, will be had the more closely drawn around the heart of the criminal, in proportion as your speech and conduct towards him are like the whistling of the storm-wind—but the sun of kindness once shine forth, and he casts the gloomy folds that have enveloped him aside, for it is not often in the heart of man to repulse love and respect with

ALAS, POOR WHISKERS!

It was only last week that we recorded a despotic onslaught in the far East, by the Emperor of all the Russias, upon long hair, beards, whiskers, &c., and we are now compelled to record another and more barbarous edict of the same kind, in a quarter where one would least have suspected it. A correspondent of one of the New Orleans papers, writes as follows:—

"General Worth has issued an order in Saltillo, that all officers and soldiers under his command must appear at the next dress parade without whiskers. We have that has not come in contact with a razor for months, must now come to the scratch, and the fellow that has a beard think it is a very judicious order. Capt. Blackford, being the senior officer and Worth's aid, was spared the ordeal from the general shaving, but it was like to raise a mutiny, and, with tears in his eyes, he sat down to the operation."

Poor fellows! they are now ready, doubtless, to exclaim with Hamlet, "Oh, Liberty, what deeds are done in thy name!"

THE CONGRESSIONAL PUZZLE.

Those of our readers who read our Congressional report of last week, were puzzled about a mark between the two words "Mr. Clayton" and "Mr. Dickinson," and which we explained to be the mark of the ancient Greek Obelus, and which was used to denote that the word or words between which it was placed were spurious. We have since been informed that the mark was used by the printer to denote that he was in doubt as to the correctness of the word, and that he had left a blank space for the word to be inserted. We have since been informed that the mark was used by the printer to denote that he was in doubt as to the correctness of the word, and that he had left a blank space for the word to be inserted.

THE GULF SQUADRON.

A private letter from an officer in the Navy, which appears in the *Ledger*, referring to what has been done by that branch of the service during the war, says—

"In a very short period of time, the towns of Tampico, Tobasco, and Laguna have been taken possession of, and all the ports of Mexico on the Gulf are completely blockaded. The only exception on Alvarado was a failure, but this was owing to natural obstacles which could not be overcome at the time.

"All that the Navy with the present means can accomplish, has been done; it cannot hold possession of towns like the army, for its officers and men are required to be on board of their ships, to be ready and frequent gales which occur. They can only take the towns, and leave the government to send men to fortify and hold them."

GOOD TASTE.

There are no points so difficult to settle as those which depend entirely upon taste. The editor of the Knickerbocker, however, thinks he has seen lately an instance of bad taste, beyond all contradiction, in the front part of a New York residence.

"It was a rollicked marble statue of Leon Edelcarding in the pool of a small fountain, with a little water falling out of the top of his head, trickling down the curls of his inimitable wig, and terminating with a spirt which shot from the end of his nose. When we saw him, he was devoting himself to a very useful purpose; for a servant girl was stewing a pan of dirty dishes in the basin, and was watering the grass, small shrub and flowers near him with singular profusion."

IMPORTANT DECISION.

A very important decision in relation to Sunday, or the first day of the week, has been recently made by the Supreme Court of Ohio. The case from the City Council of Cincinnati recently passed an ordinance prohibiting bartering and selling on Sunday, which was applied to the sale of fruit, and also some of whom were fined for a violation of the law. Upon the question being carried up to the Supreme Court, it decided that the ordinance was void and inoperative as to those who conscientiously observe the seventh day of the week or Saturday as the Sabbath.

SAN JUAN DE ULLOA.

A night examination of this castle has been made by a boat from the *John Adams*, commanded by Midshipman Hunter. The party left the ship's side in his boat, with muffled oars, and in the darkness of the night rowed round and round the castle, went under the walls, and obtained a full view of it, and made a thorough reconnoissance of every part. This daring exploit has proved, it is said, that men may be landed from the ships, and that the water batteries may easily be taken.

SINGULAR FACT.

We see it stated as a singular, yet indisputable fact, that if we deduct the popes and anti-popes, Pius cannot be pronounced to be the principal regnion of the British empire. The numerical order of the four great religionists who have successively on the empire is—first, Paganism; second, Mohammedanism; third, Protestantism; fourth, Romanism.

A RUMOR.

It has recently been rumored at Washington that Mr. Calhoun intends offering before long, a resolution advising the withdrawal of our troops at once from Mexico.

The only foundation for this rumor, most probable, is the fact that Mr. Calhoun has the reputation of being the most unexpected thing.

NOT BAD.

The origin of the Potato Rot has at length been discovered by a Mr. Berkley, and is sealed, we know not for what reason, "the revolutionary invasion of Gordon Connecticut." She says that when Amold died, there was no Nova Scotia, and the palace is now spreading throughout the Continent.

MR. ADAMS.

The health of the venerable Ex President is said to be rapidly improving. It is supposed he intends to make a journey South in the Spring. Many presentations, before he retires from public life, and this he had designed to do, had not his present sickness detained him from Washington.

A GOOD ONE.

"Go down to the store," said a lady to her acquaintance, recently, to the negro servant, "and buy me a pound of candles." "Yes, Miss," said the servant returned, and handing two spools to her, said, "Dey had no 100 cotton, Miss Jane, so I bought two silks."

THE ERIE RAILROAD.

We see it stated that the Commissioners to locate the New York and Erie Railroad, have reported to the New York Legislature, in favor of the route through Pennsylvania.

New Publications.

Graham Magazine.—The February number of Graham is a fine one in many respects. We have seldom seen finer engravings than those which embellish the present. The first, "Lucy Hooper and her maiden loneliness," "Heads of Hosts and Kits" is an admirable picture, and the "Fashions for February" gives a pretty thing. As for the literary contents, "To Mary," by Mrs. Osgood, "Lines to a Lady," by Neal, and "Sacring Wrong," by P. K. F., are, we think, the best. "A Chat of Maine," the prize story, is tolerably good, but "The Two Duels" is decidedly the best. Besides these, there are contributions by T. Bellamy, Jr., Mrs. Hewitt, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Hewitt, &c. Mrs. Osgood, also, has one of her mélanges, containing among other things a very pretty poem, called "The Brown Thrush." The Editor's Table is full.

Godey's Lady's Book.—The Lady's Book for February has come to hand, and is a very valuable number. The engravings are very good. "The Revenue" is quite a pretty picture, and one of the best we have seen out of the usual order of magazine engravings. The literary contents are also good, and we are receiving a portion of love. E. F. Ellet, for the gratification of looking at a beautiful face, is interested by the sight of the lady, and the gentleman who is with her as himself well known to many hours by her vigorous pen, did not disappoint us in the present number. The fashion plate is a monstrous-something engraved in a way. We have but just time yet to receive the fifth number of Graham's, but we trust they are generally from approved sources.

Brown & Ford's, Sydney Ave, Stone Wall Knapsack and Straps.—*By J. Whitall, Philadelphia.*—*Illustrated by N. P. Willis' New York Weekly & Peterson.*—We have received from the manufacturers of this excellent article a sample of the knapsack in speak, and we are free to say that we have seldom seen a more convenient article for the purpose. We have not time to write a notice of it, but will do so in our next issue. In the meantime we will say that we have seldom seen a more convenient article for the purpose. We have not time to write a notice of it, but will do so in our next issue. In the meantime we will say that we have seldom seen a more convenient article for the purpose.

Editorial Varieties.

PROGRESS OF INTEMPERANCE.

We take the following shocking statement from the North American of this city. We cannot vouch for its correctness, unless that the statement is moderate in the table, or else that the increase can be satisfactorily accounted for in some other way than by the use of intoxicating beverages.

There lies before us a duly authenticated document from the Philadelphia Custom House, containing the amount of foreign goods, &c., entered into Philadelphia from 1840 to 1847. From this document we derive the following:—

	Quinces in 1841	1846
Brandy,	93,000	111,000
Rum,	2,000	8,000
Gin,	1,000	1,000
Whiskey,	1,000	1,000
Cordials,	1,000	1,000
Wine,	1,000	1,000
Porter,	154	9,000
Ale,	1,000	1,000
Hemp,	1,000	1,000
Tea,	1,000	1,000
Coffee,	1,000	1,000
White Pencil,	12,397	1,000
Molasses Gal.	1,000,000	1,000,000
	1,000,000	1,000,000
Linen Wine,	1,000,000	1,000,000
	1,000,000	1,000,000

MR. JEFFERSON'S VIEWS.

The following remarks will be heard now with much pain, but, on extract from a letter written by Mr. Jefferson in 1795. It is for what importance to the people of this country to know what the real views and sentiments of the man were, who was the author of the first part of that eminent statesman:—

"That confederacy must be viewed as the seat, not of a single state, but of all. All must be peopled. We should take care, too, not to think it the exclusive right of any one description of persons on the Spaniards. These countries cannot be peopled by free men. My best hope of their ultimate freedom is that they will not population can be sufficiently peopled from the old world."

BREACH OF PROMISE.

A speaker lately by the name of Hannah Healy, in New York, recently brought a suit against a worthy citizen of N. C. Reddick, for a breach of promise of marriage. The jury, however, think ing perhaps that a member of the staid and sober society of Friends, ought to be above the weakness of such subjection as not to be seriously affected by man's circumstance, valued her peace of mind at the paltry sum of twenty-five dollars and the costs of suit.

AFRICAN REPUBLICS.

A letter from Gov. Roberts, of Monrovia, says—

"The Republic of Liberia, in Western Africa, contains on the 40th all, have decided in favor of independence, and have recommended that it be organized into a Confederation for the Commonwealth. The Legislature, in January next, will make the vote more public, and it is hoped will be unanimous. The whole of the Colony are progressing in the highest degree, and the surrounding native tribes are of the most friendly character."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

How often is it that the fondest anticipations of death take place in the very moment of joy and felicity! On Christmas Eve, a boy in Centreville had one of her eyes put out by a knitting needle in an attempt to get it back from a gentleman who had playfully taken it from her. Thus in an instant was the joy of a whole household turned into mourning.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A Word about Chadow, the Spanish Marriages and Louis Philippe.—Arab of Paris Fashions.—Meeting of the Scientific Men in London.—Statistics of Temperance, Commerce, Debate and Odd Fellows.—Insulan Treaties.—Foreign Facts.—Literature.—Crimes.—Destructive Inventions and Gunpowder.—Miscellaneous.—Novelties and Amusements.—A Cabinet Minister Cleared with Honor.

Bristol, England, December 5th, 1846.

It appears according to various and sundry the political papers of France, that Louis Philippe and his Court have been all along aware of the intrigues of Chadow, the Spanish envoy to the Republic of Cracow by Austria, and that too, on the condition that the great Northern Powers should support the Austrian claims to the Spanish marriages, and particularly the Montpensier matches—and further, that a sort of Congress of Sovereigns was held at Paris, at which the Montpensier match will be a prominent topic of discussion Very odd all this—yet, notwithstanding that it can be traced to authentic sources, from which, indeed, the opinion prevails that there is something in it, than which nothing is more likely, for the Court of Spain is the most corrupt and profligate of the Bourbon Courts, being naturally associated with the Northern Courts, being naturally associated this dynasty should be recognized by the Emperor Nicholas, and that the royal family of the truly legitimated families—as entitled to stand within the magic and charmed circle of let-descendants. Well, we shall see—meanwhile, we will say in passing, that

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Madison, agent, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin Territory. *James F. Dana, Esq.*, of Cincinnati, *Dr. Gershom Smith, T. T. Dane Esq.*, of Cincinnati, *Hon. Thomas Morris*, of Illinois.

JOHN NILSON, Oneida, East and West.

JESSE JOHNSTON, senior Editor of the Steamboat, for Louisiana.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL K. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Wright, R. S. P. Bunting, H. Wright, John S. Wells, P. B. Hussey, T. S. Waterson, and John Calhoun.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our Agent for Maine.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Hampshire.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

General News.

A correspondent of the Washington Union desires emphatically the story of there having been an alliance at Monterey between the above Generals. He says:—

Fact. General Butler and General Taylor never had any words at the time or place relating to the battle or anything else.

Second. There never was even as much as an idle rumour to the army, that General Butler was to succeed General Taylor in command, nor has there ever been a meaning of any kind in this battle more than any other on that sad post.

Third. Lieut Owen was not even so much as in the engagement of the 21st; he was officer of the day that guard, nor did he serve with it in battle a single fact or sentence; neither does he desire it to be so understood.

Fourth. Capt. Stuart acted well, but the tale of his killing Mexicans or any one else will be left to the world. It will falter and fail. I am surprised that the Baltimore Sun will publish anything that comes to him without the least effort to ascertain whether it pays the article, that the public may know how much reliance may be placed in it in such instances.

The Ohio, Tennessee, Kentucky and Mississippi troops all acted as brave as the Baltimore battalion or any other portion of the army, and no one will or can deny it, and no officer will attempt to elevate himself or his friends at the expense of others who deserve as much as he.

THE PORK TRADE.—There has been considerable speculation lately in Salted Provisions in our principal markets, and particularly in barrel Pork, which has advanced in New York about two dollars per barrel, founded upon Western advices of a gradual and steady advance in the price of Hogs, in consequence of the high rates of flour and supplies for the present year. To show what this deficiency actually is, the Cincinnati papers give the following comparisons. In the 1840, the crop of twelve towns was 676,100. In 1847, the supply upon these sources would be 454,000. Showing a deficiency of 226,000, or rather more than one-third of last year's supply. The Gazette says —

"When it is recollected that unusually large quantities of Pork have been shipped over from the markets on English account, and that the supplies required by Government for the army and Navy are much greater than in time of peace, it is easy to be seen that the quantity of that article remaining for home consumption must be quite sufficient to compel speculation to as much as one half or last year's stock."

Accounts, however, from Cincinnati, under date of Jan. 15th say, "Hogs are dull, and prices would have been made at from $5 50 to $5 75, chiefly at $5 75). Flour market dull; sales $5 50 to $5 80).

MASSACHUSETTS VS. THE UNITED STATES.—That Massachusetts pays more than her proportion by the federal government for her expenses in the war of 1812, is made a subject of complaint in the message of Governor Briggs, in which the Governor gives the Administration the following rap —

"The Chief Magistrate of the United States has recently held up before the world, the conduct of the governors of a republican republic, as deserving to rag by the claimes of his government upon them, as constituting a just cause of war. The conduct of the government of the Union, over which that Chief Magistrate presides, has for more than a quarter of a century delayed the payment to one of the States of that Union, of a debt as just and as well ascertained as any claim due from the foreign republic whose conduct is so censured.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 14th instant, in the Senate, the Lieutenant General bill was taken up and Mr. Du Pont stated the grounds upon which the appointment was deemed expedient. He believed that the bill would be lost but in advance with all the force that could be mustered. Mr. Mangum asked for a report.

Mr. Badger desired to explain the grounds on which he opposed the passage of the office, and for the purpose of having the floor, he moved to take up postponed, which prevailed.

On the 15th instant Lieutenant General bill was again taken up, and Mr. Badger spoke in opposition to the measure which he said was not to be a popular measure, which he presumed would be passed.

Mr. Mangum moved, as a last question, to lay the bill up on the table, which motion prevailed by 29 yeas to 21 nays.

This defeats the proposition for the appointment of a Lieutenant General.

The Committee on the Post Office reported a bill to provide for the transportation of the mail to Oregon.

On the 16th, Mr. Hannegan, from the Committee on Roads and Canals, reported a bill to extend the National Road to Oregon.

Mr. Benton introduced a resolution on lands granting bounty lands to all non-commissioned officers and privates of the army, serving in Mexico. The bill was read twice and its title when by a majority discussion ensued, as to whether a bill ought to extend bounty lands to any but those who had served. Mr. Benton desiring that action might be had on his bill at once.

Mr. J. M. Clayton moved to postpone the further consideration of the bill, for the purpose of taking up the ten regiment bill.

Mr. Berrien said that this motion assumed that the bill would have been before the Senate, and he could not admit.

The debate upon the point of order was resumed and continued at some length, in the course of which, Mr. Benton, with much warmth, declared that the whole country should see the ground upon which he stood—the whole world should see what he was about.

Mr. Cameron said, that when the whole world was ready to see what he was about, and what he was about, they would at the same time be seeing what the rest of the Senate was about.

After further debate, the motion of Mr. Clayton was negatived by a vote of 27 to 25. Mr. Benton giving the casting vote in the affirmative.

The army bill was accordingly taken up, and a debate ensued, which was finally terminated by a motion of Mr. Du Pont to strike out the clause in the instructions to report a section granting 160 acres of land to each non-commissioned officer and soldier serving during the war.

On the 18th, the Vice President appointed Mr. Cass a Regent of the Smithsonian Institute.

Mr. Johnson, of Md. offered a resolution asking the Secretary of the Treasury whether the Sub-Treasury system had not proved eminently satisfactory to the operations of the treasury, and if so, whether it ought not to be suspended or repealed.

The bill to establish the office of Surveyor General of Oregon, and to grant donations of land to actual settlers in that country, was taken up and passed to a third reading.

After spending some time in Executive Session, the Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

On the 14th inst. a communication was received from the Treasury Department, in relation to the amount of money in the several depositories, in reply to the resolution of inquiry upon the subject.

Mr. Seaman introduced his bill to prevent the importation of the Mexican dollar, which on motion was read twice and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The Oregon territorial bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Thompson in the Chair.

The amendments relative to the Missouri compromise came up for consideration, and Mr. Burt addressed the House on the rights of the South in regard to slavery. The South was united upon this question, equal to her destiny, and prepared to take care of herself in any emergency.

Mr. Petit followed, insisting that the sovereignty of the territory of Oregon was the sovereignty of the United States. He argued that the Missouri Restriction was void, asking the President to state the conduct and pay of members of Congress now serving in Mexico.

On motion of Mr. Douglass, the House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Oregon Territorial Bill.

Amendments were adopted, limiting the pay of the delegates to Congress to $2,000, requiring that they shall be citizens of the territory, and serve for the session only to which they are elected.

An additional section was adopted, requiring the officers of the territory appointed by the President to give security. The Committee then rose, and the bill as amended was reported to the House.

Mr. Root moved to amend, by inserting the amendment applying the line of the Missouri compromise to Oregon.—Ref. to 113.

The amendments in Committee were then agreed to, and the question being on the passage, Mr. Leake gave his reasons why he should vote against the bill. He said the South cannot and will not submit to any further interference with their rights in the future delicacy, than the Missouri compromise.

Mr. Kennedy, of Indiana, said he had voted deliberately, and ever should vote deliberately against the slavery extension of the evils of slavery.

Mr. Douglass was ready to meet the question at the proper time, and when the proposition of the Hon. Thomas goes back to the Mr. King, prohibiting slavery in the territory acquired cause up, he should move to amend, by inserting the principles of the Missouri compromise.

Mr. McClernand, of Illinois, followed on the same side of the question.

Mr. Rhett followed in a constitutional argument in defence of the doctrine of State Rights.

Mr. Petit replied, contending that the sovereignty in regard to the new territory, rests with the general government until relinquished.

Mr. Thomas gave his views at length, and without taking any vote the House adjourned.

On the 16th, a bill was reported twice, and referred to the Committee on Post Offices and P s Roads, to establish additional Post Routes in Texas

The Oregon territorial bill was then taken up, and Mr. Hudson, of Maine, address of the House in defence of the constitutional right of Congress to prohibit slavery in new territories. He contended that the general government possesses no power to interfere with slavery in the States where ever. They possessed no powers not derived from the States as grantors.

Mr. Brodhead followed, if this were true, where then the general government obtained the power to acquire territories at all?

Mr. James Thompson, of Pennsylvania, followed in a long and thorough speech, in the views given by that gentleman.

Mr. McDonald, of Missouri, obtained the floor, when Mr. Thompson had concluded, and moved the previous question. He was opposed to the admission of the nation in quarrelling about territory but he would not protest. It reminded him of the story of the old man who had a dog and was perplexed about whipping the cow which they did not own, and which was large enough to beat.

The demand for the previous question was seconded by a majority, and the bill ordered, and the bill was passed, 133 to 75.

On the 17th, a resolution of inquiry was adopted relative to the erection of a light house at the mouth of the Columbia river.

Mr. King moved a suspension of the previous question, in order to enable him to present a bill appropriating $10,000 to be paid to Ireland by vote of only 50 yeas to 160 nays.

The motion was lost, and the House went into Committee of the Whole, Mr. McClelland in the Chair, and took up the Senate bill to pay to the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, both of the regular and volunteer forces, their extra pay, and allowing 160 acres of bounty land to each.

An amendment, making the increase $7 per month, was adopted. Other amendments were proposed, but not of sufficient importance to be recorded.

Mr. Hungerford obtained leave to introduce a bill to provide for the deposite of all moneys received from customs and the sale of public lands in the Treasury, and for other purposes which was referred to calling the name, and for other purposes.

The House then adjourned.

From Harrisburg.

PENN. LEGISLATURE.

In the House of Representatives the Tariff Question still continues to be the subject under discussion.

The following are the most noticeable items among the proceedings of the two Houses —

The Senate passed a bill authorizing the Volunteer Militia Committee to report a bill assenting the Militia Committee to report a bill assenting the Militia Law, which was referred to the Com. on Finance upon the Treasury of this Commonwealth, and the Militia.

Mr. Weiser introduced a bill to reduce the daily pay of the Clerk and Sergeant-at-Arms of Montgomery county to one dollar and fifty cents per day.

Mr. Hiester introduced a bill to authorize the Commissioners of Delaware county to erect a bridge across the Darby Creek.

Mr. Hiester, from the Committee on Vice and Immorality, reported against the petition of certain citizens, praying that they be allowed to sell spirits by billet whether intoxicating liquors shall be sold or not.

Mr. Hillards, a bill allowing the citizens of the Fifteenth township of the Commonwealth to decide by ballot where the elections shall be held.

In the Senate on the 17th, the House was up and passed through Committee, and then through second and third readings. The bill supplementary to the law encouraging the manufacture of iron by mineral coal.

The Auditor of State Treasurer.—The Senate having arrived in the House, the Convention was called to order by the Speaker, and the roll of the Senate, when

James Ross Snowden received 55 votes.
John Rankin, 72 "
F. Jordan, 1 "
John Sanke was declared duly elected State Treasurer for the ensuing year.

Foreign News.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Packet ship Rochester at New York, brings London papers to the 1st inst.

There was no political news. The papers were discussing the Mexican war. The U S is charged with "perfidy and treachery" in the affair of Trist and a juggle is suspected.

The prayers were to be made in the churches at Glasgow for the Highlanders and Islanders, who were suffering with the Irish peasantry.

Louis Philippe is said to have written to His Holiness the Pope recommending more moderation in his political reforms.

The morning journal (*Morgenzeitung*) at Hamburg is dead. The news of the insurrection at Cracow with Austria on a sheet with a black border in sign of mourning.

The Pope is still engaged in the promotion of useful measures. He has recently published edicts punishments of several political offenders and is about to issue a decree diminishing the forty days' fast, before his holiness has established other equitable, but useful reforms have recently ceased.

Provision riots are taking place in the French provinces. The farmers complained on the scarcity of food and bringing up corn to the markets. The garments in driving the people to desperation. At Montpellier the people took forcible possession of the market and sold provisions at their own prices. Bands of gendarmes, and forced the farmers to sell their corn at the market price. Many persons were killed and wounded during the riots.

Prince William II Channing, the Feuterist, is to be the preacher to a new religious society, styled "The Church of Humanity," about to be organized in the Irish peasantry.

The "oldest inhabitant" is said to be a woman now living in Moscow, in Russia, who is 168 years of age. At the age of 127 she married her husband.

On New Year's day the communications between Lakes Huron and Erie was open, a thing that has not occurred at this season, for many years.

A hen in North Providence, says the Providence Sentinel, lately laid an egg measuring 7 inches one way, and 6½ the other, in circumference.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania have granted 148 divorces in the last thirty years, and of this number 100 were granted in the last two years.

William Lloyd Garrison's ten cet, presented him on England, cost him $80 duty to get it into possession of the fatherless Arthur.

The Queen regrets not a fight on a plantation near Ironbone, (Miss.) and in the effort to separate two dogs, a gentleman was killed dead by.

The Cleveland folks have plenty of White Owls now-a-days. The boys sell them in the streets at 50 cents per head.

Statistical.

MEXICAN STATISTICS.

The following table is from Tanner's map of Mexico.

The territory conquered by our troops, consists of the following six isolated districts —The territories of Upper and Lower California, and Santa Fe and Chihuahua, in the possession of the United States, and parts of Sonora and Coahuila.

The population in each is as follows:

States.	Area.	Population.
Upper California,	141,201 square miles	12,000
New Leon,	1,200 "	113,400
Coahuila,	16,000 "	85,000
Texas Ft.,	274,000 "	150,000
New Mexico,	2,000 "	60,000
Lower California,	50,000 "	15,000
Total,	483,201	435,400

With the recent additions for parts of other States the total will be swelled to the round number of 500,000 square miles, and a population of 8 cent to make more than twenty States as large as Pennsylvania, and capable of sustaining a population of twenty millions of inhabitants.

The Townships of Philadelphia County —The following statement of the value of property assessed in the several districts of the city for 1847, will give an idea of the amount and character of the property held in the unincorporated townships at present, and which will be included in the city in 1854:

Real Estate $52,774; Occupations $14,035; Household Furniture over $500, $4,450; Money at Interest $50,071; Stocks $68,784; Gas Stocks $5,500; Bank Cows $5,000; Pleasure Carriages $3,401; 13 Gold Lever Watches; 17 Plain Gold do.; 3 Silver Lever do.; 13 Dogs.

Our Population.—Estimating the increase at three per cent. per annum on the census of 1840, the population of the United States will amount to 20,140,370 on the 1st of June, 1847, and at the end of the century to 40,000,000.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

A photographical journal published in Edinburgh, Scotland, states that the number of individuals in a state to bear arms in Great Britain during the year 1846 is 2,744,647. The number of marriages is about 76,000 yearly; and it is perceived that in 66 of those unions there were only three which had no issue. The number of deaths is about 332,700 annually, of which 166,350 are in infancy. 2,000 weekly, 285 daily, and 40 hourly. The deaths among the sexes are in proportion to the age of 51. So in the country the mean term of the number of existence of males is 41, and females 43. Between the proportion is 7 for every two marriages. The number of widows is to that of widowers, 3 to 1; the number of individuals of the sex, as 2 to 1; the number of married men to that of all the bachelors and widowers, as 1 to 2; the number of widows to that of widowers, as 3 to 1; but the number of widows who marry again, is to that of widowers in the same case, as 7 to 4. The half of the population is under twenty-one years of age at 25 years. The number of twins is to that of ordinary births, as 1 to 63. A correspondent while founded upon bills of mortality, I only in 3,123 attains the age of 100 years. The number of births is to that of the females sex as 96 to 95.

Casualties.

FLOOD IN INDIANA.

The Indianapolis Sentinel of the 5th inst gives a deplorable account of the ravages of the flood in that section. It says —

"The waters have never been known to be so high before. Some of the principal streets of the city are flooded, and the damage done by the rising of water, and damage has been done by the filling of cellars, &c. But the most disastrous losses have occurred in West Indianapolis. For the width of a square, the water is about three feet deep, and runs over the National Road in a raging torrent. The houses in that part of the town are principally of one story frame-plan, and several houses have been lifted from their foundations and floated across the road down stream.

"The Canal is broken in several places. The Lafayette and Madison Railroad is also injured to a very much dam-ged—reports being contradictory. The culvert at Pogue's Run is washed away, and the track has made a clear branch through the canal at that place. Immense quantities of the water banks are washing away at other points.

"We have been unable to learn the exact extent of the damage, as the wires extend from this place only to Greenwood, Johnson county, and Zionsville, Boone county. Before leaving the city for the west of the means of rescue. Some are left here and there deserted. The number of buildings in all will have reached into the hundreds.

"One worthy citizen, Nicholas McCarty, will be a great sufferer, as he had a large quantity of corn in the river bottom, but he will not lose his all, as he had insurance.

"All the inhabitants of West Indianapolis and the city will be left destitute of provisions by communication between the two places

Selected Poetry.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUTH'S COMPANION'S MAGAZINE.

I.

Oh, Sunshine in the valley land,
Who is deep twilight grape and cover
Till the slow mountain's dull head
Blushes to meet his youngest lover—
What's up at Life, do ye find?
The Lord's great work sits idle too?
Then light dare not shine behind
Of mere, because 'tis dark with you?

Though yet your valleys dark in night,
That light's fair fields the day is seeing;
And reapers, with their sickles bright,
Troop singing down the mountain side:
Come up, and dust what dark there is
In the fresh dawn's delighted eyes,
An, heeding with a sparing kiss,
The night shed tears of earth she dries!

The Lord wrote reapers; Oh, meant up,
Before night send our sickles rust—"For lose!"
Stay not for taking swip or cup,
The Master hungers, does not thirst!
The less time heights wister your eyes
The advancing spaces of day can see,
Which o'er the mountain hills that rise,
To break your long captivity.

II.

Lone watcher on the mountain height,
It is right precious to behold
The first long scarf of breaking light
Flood all the thirsty night with gold;
But see, who in the shadow sit,
Know also where the day is sold,
Seeing thy shining forehead lit
With the bright secret it has told.

Then lose thine office; see have sure;
God lacks not early servers here,
But when are thine eleventh hours
He counts with us for morning cheer:
One day, lor Him, is as a thousand years,
And, when He gets th work to do,
The broiest read is empty tread;
To pierce the shield of error through,
But not the loss do then aspire
Light's daily messages to preach,
Keep back no sutlable of fire—
Flings deep the vessels of thy speech:
Yet God deems not their end nigh
More worthy than our twilight dim—
For sunset, too, is light,
And following that is fading Him.

Atlantic Monthly.

Interesting Facts.

THE PIONEER STATE.

The statistical accounts of our State and City, which are usually presented at the commencement of each year by the press, often bring forth old and almost forgotten facts. We observe in the last number of the "Commercial List" an extract from one of the oldest which Pennsylvania has upon the consideration of her sister States and the history of pioneer operations which are to give character and wealth to our nation. The fact says, that cities, indeed, Pennsylvania, and the City of Philadelphia in particular, is entitled to no secondary place. While all due honor is cheerfully accorded to the City of Boston, for the liberality and successful enterprise of her citizens, justice to Philadelphia demands that these should be, in the comparison, a more distinct remembrance of what she has done, than appears upon the surface.

The great fact that in all Internal Improvement, Pennsylvania has been the pioneer, is one which eminently deserves the consideration of the country. If a wider range of details were taken, it would be interesting to dwell on such facts as these, viz: that the Quadrant was here invented by Godfrey—that here Franklin taught men how to control the lightnings of Heaven—that on the Delaware, at Philadelphia, *Jonas Fitch* first proved the power of his rude steamboat, and that it was Fulton, a native of Pennsylvania, who immortalized his name, by matching that wonderful invention—that the first Locomotive was set in motion near the corner of Ninth and Market streets, by its inventor, Oliver Evans, who, with the foresight I will often noticed as a characteristic of great discoveries, declared, that the time would come, when one would "breakfast in New York, dine at Philadelphia, and sup at Baltimore." Here also was situated the first Bank established in the country, and the first Insurance Office. Here was organized the first Sabbath school, an honor, surely, to be appreciated throughout the length and breadth of our Union. Philadelphia first showed what might be done in supplying cities with water, by her astonishing Fair-Mount Water Works. In her Eastern Penitentiary, she furnished a model for institutions of that class, which has been extensively approved and imitated, both in this country, and in Europe. The first public Hospital in the United States was the Pennsylvania Hospital. The first Institution for the Blind, was that established in this City. Here too, before the Revution, the great Road system which has given us the Magnetic Telegraph, led Franklin to give signals by electricity across the Schuylkill.

In such a review, it might be added, that the merchants of Philadelphia, at an early period, had the patriotism, and the liberality, to build a frigate, and present it to the United States Government, the only instance of the kind on record and the State of Pennsylvania erected a house in Philadelphia, and offered it as a present to Washington. Here also, a stand was taken against the exactions of Great Britain, in advance of Boston herself. The first opposition to the landing of Tea was made at a public meeting held in Philadelphia, and resolutions like the celebrated Tea party executed its work at Boston.

Last, though not least, should be mentioned the fact known throughout the civilized world, that from Philadelphia came forth the Declaration of Independence.

But the part which Pennsylvania has taken in the great works of internal improvement, evidently needs to be better understood. A thorough investigation of this subject would cause surprise in many quarters, and place the character of our City and Commonwealth in a more favorable position.

It is to be remembered that the surface of this State presents an obstacle to internal improvements greater than is found in any other. Vast ranges of mountains are to be SCALED, because there are no gorges through which roads can pass. Rapid and turbulent streams, which frequently swollen by the rains and snows of the mountains, often carry destruction in their course. Yet the mountains have been scaled by our turnpike roads and substantial and costly bridges have been thrown over the thousand streams. In the extent and cost of her turnpikes, Pennsylvania has long been in advance of all her sister States. The turnpike from Philadelphia to Lancaster, was the first macadamized in the Union, and was completed in 1794, at a cost of $465,000. Subsequently, the whole surface of the State was traversed by these roads. But the day of turnpikes has passed away; and the famous Conestoga wagons, with their noble six horse teams, whose bells were sounded along the mountain defiles, and formed the traveller of their approach, are to be reckoned among the wonders of Pennsylvania as it was.

The bridges of this State have been accounted one of its remarkable features. The Schuylkill "Permanent Bridge," erected in 1798, at an expense of $300,000, was the first great work of the kind attempted in this country. The first Fair-Mount bridge, was one of long but outstanding figs, surmounted the traveller of their approach, are to be reckoned among the wonders of Pennsylvania as it was.

famous bridge of Shandhannon, and the Wire-bridge erected in 1817 at the Falls of the Schuylkill, which served to suggest the idea to Ecrogan built the, were an honor to Philadelphia. The bridges on the interior, by their number, and their substantial, and even bold character, have done honor to the State.

For the introduction of Canals, as well as turnpikes in the public attention, the country is indebted to Pennsylvania. Even William Penn seems to have meditated on the project of connecting the Susquehanna with the Schuylkill and on 1762, David Rittenhouse and Dr. William Smith surveyed a canal-route for the purpose. At that early day some gentlemen went to view the canal-route of the Lakes and the Ohio River with the Delaware, by a route of *nearly six hundred miles!* The survey, under the authority of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, was accomplished in 1769. In 1791, a company was incorporated for connecting the Susquehanna and Schuylkill; and in 1793, another was incorporated for connecting the Schuylkill with the Delaware, by the way of Norristown. At the head of the latter was Robert Morris, the celebrated financier. These two companies undertook the work, and proceeded far with it, when, having exhausted their funds, were embarrassed, and suspended operations, a number of the leading individuals having become bankrupt in this Morris affair. These beginnings however, resulted at length in the completion of the Union Canal. The first boats ascended in the Union, were in Pennsylvania. The first survey for the Chesapeake and Delaware Canal was made in 1768, by order of the American Philosophical Society; and as early as 1804, $100,000 were expended in the execution of the work.

When the period of Railroads arrived, Pennsylvania again the pioneer. The Railroad at Mauch Chunk, constructed in 1827, was one of the first in the Union; or, at least, was anticipated only by a short tram-road at Quincy, Mass. From that period to the present South by Delaware to the coal to us city in the Union, in expenditures for constructing these wonderful channels of time and space.—*North American.*

Choice Selections.

COM. DECATUR AS A SECOND.

Having at length assembled his squadron, consisting of the President, and the John Adams, the New York and the Enterprise, at Malta, in January, 1805, Commodore Morris sailed from that place on the 13th of the same month for Tripoli, with the intention of negotiating a peace, or, failing in this object, beginning hostilities. On his arrival, he encountered a heavy gale of wind, which lasted eleven days, he put back at the end of that time into Malta. While there, a difficulty occurred between a British officer and one of the officers of the New York, which had a tragical result. As Decatur was connected with it, and as it led in the long turn to the United States before the cruise of the New York terminated, it may be proper to relate it.

Midshipman Joseph Bainbridge, with one of his messmates, being at liberty ashore, visited the Theatre, where they became the subject of unpleasant notice and meeting remarks to some British officers, who sat near them. One of them observed, in allusion to our war with Tripoli, which as yet had certainly not been conducted with vigor "Those Yankees will never stand the smell of powder!" The young Americans, who had not failed to commit about the notice to be taken of this remark, which whether intended or not to be heard by them, was certainly grating to their feelings. They were soon followed by the British officers, and as they walked up and down the lobby, the individual who made the offensive remark, walking in the contrary direction, ran rudely against Midshipman Bainbridge. The officer was repeated three several times. Convinced at the third encounter that the collision resulted from a fixed determination to insult him, Mr. Bainbridge knocked the officer down. The individual, who had gone so far out of his way as to insult an unoffending boy, and that boy an American officer, enjoying the hospitalities of a country where the insulter was at home, proved to be no less a personage than the secretary of Sir Alexander Ball, the Governor.

He was a professed duellist, and had sought this occasion to practise his art, whilst he showed his mingled aversion and contempt for the American, a fashionable feeling among the English of that day. A challenge from the duellist was received by Mr. Bainbridge on board the New York on the following morning. Bainbridge was equally unskilled in the use of the pistol, and the code of duelling. He was about to accept the invitation, and make use of the agency of a friend as young and inexperienced as himself, when Decatur, being informed of the occurrence, entered the Bainbridge, and telling him that his antagonist was a professed duellist, who meant to take his life, and would do it if the two boys went out together, offered himself to act as the second.

Decatur now appeared and returned the answer to the challenge. As the friend of the challenged party, he selected pistols for the weapons, fixed the distance of four yards and the word to be given, "Take aim," and to "Fire." The second of the challenger objected to these terms, and proposed ten paces. He said to Decatur, "This looks like murder, sir." Decatur replied, "No, sir; this looks like death, but not like murder. If your friend is a professed duellist, mine is wholly inexperienced. I am no duellist; but I am acquainted with the use of the pistol. I am more certain of my aim at the fight your friend at that distance." The English man replied, "We have no quarrel with you, sir," Finally matters were settled as any challenge, and Decatur's terms, unless he was substituted for Joseph Bainbridge, the parties met upon that footing. Decatur, however, had given his friend positive directions to take deliberate aim, and not to fire until he received the signal from himself. The word was given, and the Englishman fell mortally wounded before the eye.

It is proper to state that dueling was an occurrence. This Englishman had probably his good qualities. He was a man of family and relations. Decatur's conduct was entirely approved by the officers of the squadron, and by the whole country. He was received by the citizens of Boston with the highest honors. The duellist, who had insulted him and sought his life, and generously endeavored to take his life.

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Away with false fashion, as calm and still,
Where pleasure dwelt cannot please.
Away with bowing, and flattering still,
Affects to be quite at ease
For the deepest feeling is highest in rank
The truest is first in deed.
And Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is He man with his heart in his head.

Fearless in honesty, gentle, yet just,
He warmly can love and can hate;
Nor will he deem it a thing to be base in the dust,
To Fashion's intolerant state
For he is a good breeding, and highest in rank,
Though lowly or poor in the land,
Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank—
The man with he heart in his hand.

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
His manners are simple and free;
Yet tempered by politeness, and taught by good sense,
And careful with me and with you—
For he feels that politeness is rooted in rank.
In pow, man! or gow, man! who stand
Nature's own nobleman, friendly and frank—
The man with his heart in his hand!

A HARDSHIP.—A gentleman of grave deportment was busy blowing bubbles of soap and water, and sportively observing the rise and fall they expended and burst in the sunshine. A pert youth fell into a fit of laughter at a sight so strange, and which showed as he thought, folly or insanity. He accosted the young man," said one who passed by, "of your rudeness and ignorance. You behold the greatest philosopher of the age, busy in the search, investigating the nature of light and colors, by a series of experiments no less curious than useful, though you may deem them childish and insignificant."

Selected Articles.

JAMES, THE NOVELIST.

The following good burlesque upon the writings of G. P. R. James is from the New York Mirror. An imaginary English correspondent of the Mirror, who professes to be travelling in that country at the present time, visits Fort Putnam Hall, and there he meets the teeming novelist, both being aware that they were to encounter each other. Whereupon the subsequent dialogue, unmistakable in its way, takes place:—

"Sauntering into the library after strolling through the conservatories, I saw a slender gentleman, dressed in rather a gaunty manner, with a light brown wig, and a pair of large, dark, glassy shade over his eyes, examining an illuminated copy of Fuseboot. There was no other person there, and as I entered he looked up from the book and said:

"Ah, I presume this is the celebrated Mr. Pots ton, from America?

"The same, sir, he replied, embracing me warmly. 'Pray, Mr Pots ton my works read in America?'

"Your work I presume you mean, I replied 'why, my dear sir, if a gentleman is a man with originality, by one of our great publishers, and always with a new title. The last time I think it was called Marker Emotion. Can you tell me what it will be called next?'

"I have already chosen the name of Beauchamp Hall, he replied, 'don't you think it a good re leasque name?'

"Admirable, said I. 'Now let me ask you what is the subject of your next work?' Why, instead of beginning your novel, by describing elaborately a horseman and so forth,' who might have been seen at the close of the seventeenth century, I would allow me to inquire whether or not anything at the sort ever was seen.'

"Oh, I understand,' said the great author, 'why that is a trick of my confounded amanuensis, who is a shocking manuscript. I observe that your distinguished countryman, Mr. Sums, has copied the as well as the other little faults of my novels very faithfully. Do you know that my publisher once accused me of issuing one of my novels under the name of Rivers, fact. Somebody sent him a copy of Guy Rivers, and he declared I wrote it!"

THE FARMER THAT DINED WITH THE LAWYER.

[The following conversation, of the eating house, are given on the authority of the "Knickerbocker."]

"What meat is this?" said a country farmer the other day, to a legal friend who had invited him into a French restaurant in the lower part of the city, to take a hasty dinner with him; "what meat is it?"

"It's beef, I think," said the lawyer.

"The countryman replied, "I guess not; it don't taste like beef to me;" and he regarded the ambiguous looking dish before him with thoughtful solemnity. At the next moment, he laid his knife and fork down, and asked with super curiosity, "Ain't this a *French cattle* hoose?"

"I reckoned so," the lawyer.

"Then it is dog!" he exclaimed, removing the last morsel from his mouth, as a sailor relieves his quid when the tobacco gets; "it is dog, and I thought I was! I eat dogs once at Sawgo, (Oswego) in the last war, and I knew what it is." And although it was an excellent restaurant at which they were dining, so great was his prejudice against the French cuisine, that he could not be persuaded to continue his meal. When they were walking home he said in his friend:—" My neighbor Jones was down to York once, and being very fond of sausages, he went into an eating house to get some. While he was a-hearin' of em fry, kinnin' and spottenin' away, a man was buyin' some of 'em raw at the counter, and when he got 'em he put 'em in a chap cum in with a fur cap and a dirty 'surtout, and laid down a little bundle at the fur-end o' the counter. Then he looked at the boys, and saw the little boy; so he said, 'lookin' shy at him as he went out, says he, 'Tain't no matter about the dog, sir, but that makes chews,' p'intin' toward the bundle. Jones looked at the bundle, and he says he saw the head of a cat stickin' out at the end, with long smellers outs it as long as his finger! He left that shop 'mazin' quick, and hasn't never eat a sausenger sence!"

FROM "CHRISTIAN UNION."

LOW ON A FOREST BED.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L.L. D

Low on a forest bed
A weary pilgrim lay;
A fever wasn't'd his brow,
His lungs were weary,
September tired in light
The blue Mountains ay,
When that sad wanderer sought
The rest man's hut to die.

The forest of the deep,
From England's noble shore,
To learn in pathless wilds
The forest's wisdom o'er,
His clank'd the brand green hills,
Where Ouse's banners swell;
The faint seame came,
The lonely stranger fell.

As Heaven's clear eyes were bents,
Hush'd on a desert stead,
The lonely hut's lone and dead
In that far mountain land—
His sun went down in peace,
He felt no darkness fall,
For he had kept the faith
From England's happy peace.

Fast by a swift dark stream
The woodman dug a grave,
Where deer drowsy lingering,
And wild-wood branches wave
On that sepulchral turf
No breathing mother weeps,
But angels know the place
Where the lone stranger sleeps.

LAWFUL REVENGE.

Many years since, a gentleman in Newington, a suburb of Wethersfield, Connecticut, who was a very religious and conscientious man, married one of the most ill-natured and troublesome women he could find in the vicinity. Their occasional ensuing surprise wherever he was known, and one of his neighbor's ventured to ask him the reason which had induced him to form such a match, having had but little trouble in the world, he was fearful of encountering too much of it in future time and sense, and thought that by experiencing some afflictions he should become more armed against the ills of life. He was certain at last that he thought would accomplish his object. The best part of the story is, that the wife, hearing the reason why he married her, and being afraid of the *out of revenge*, became one of the most pleasant and dutiful wives in the town; declaring that she was glad to be a pain horse to carry her husband to Heaven.

Fun and Frolic.

HOW TO SPELL CAT.

Sometime during the last war with England, the ——— Regiment of infantry was stationed near Boston. Colonel ——— was the officer in command of the regiment. The doctor was an old gentleman of peculiar notions and eccentricities, and was in his own estimation, one of the literati of the country. Nevertheless he had one failing, which was a little singular, and which was the subject of much merriment among the officers. He was very fond of using long words, and on all occasions was apparently ambitious of displaying his learning. He was also very fond of using long words, and on all occasions was apparently ambitious of displaying his learning. He was also very fond of using long words, and on all occasions was apparently ambitious of displaying his learning.

One day, at mess, after the dessert had performed sundry pirouettations of the table, Captain ———, a brave and gallant officer and a great wag, remarked to the doctor—who had been somewhat severe in his remarks on the literary deficiencies of some of the officers—

"Doctor M———, are you acquainted with Captain G———?"

"Yes, I know him well," replied the doctor, "he's one of the new set."

"Nothing in particular," replied Capt. S———, "but just received a letter from him, and I'll wager you a dozen of old port, that you cannot guess in five guesses how he spells CAT."

"Oh, I guess that the doctor, "it's a wager! Well, commence guessing," said Capt. S.

"K-a double t"

"K-a-t-e-"

"K-a-t-e-"

"No-boy again

"K-a-t-e-"

"No—you have missed it again."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "C-a-double t."

"No, that's not the way—try again—it's your last guess."

"C-a-g-h-t."

"No, said S———, "that is not the way—you have lost your wager."

"Well," said the doctor, with much petulancy of manner, "how does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it, C-a-t," replied S———, with a knowing wink.

Amidst the roar of the mess, and almost choking with rage, the doctor sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Captain S———, I am too old a man to be trifled with in this manner."—*New York Spirit of the Times.*

A FABLE.—A thick-headed carpenter had two smart apprentices who sometimes felt it their duty to suggest to their master such little matters about his trade as they knew he was ignorant of, but which but his universal reply was,—in a surly tone—

Mind your own business; your master knows what he is about,' and the poor fellows gave up in despair.

At length the whole party went together on a fishing excursion, and it so happened that the boat sprung a leak, and began to fill. The carpenter, who was a very fat man, was busily employed in baling out the water, and apparently quite unconscious of danger, when one of his apprentices ventured to say,

"Master, I think you had better mend the hole, for the water is coming in very fast."

"Mind your own business," replied the master, "I know what I am about."

"But, master," said the other, "the water is coming in very fast."

"Mind your own business," replied the master, "I know what I am about."

"But, master," said the first